

K.2.1.3.











TO THE READER.  
TO THE RIGHT VERTVOVS  
AND WORTHY KNIGHT, SIR

THOMAS MOYNSON.



SIR, the generall voice of your worthines, and the manie particular fauours which I haue heard Master *Campion* (with dutifull respect often acknowledge himselfe to haue receiued from you) haue emboldned mee to present this Booke of Ayres to your fauourable iudgement, and gracious protection; especially because the first ranke of songs are of his owne composition, made at his vacant houres, and priuately emparked to his friends, whereby they grew both publicke, and (as coine crackt in exchange) corrupted: some of them both words and notes vnrespectiuelly challenged by others. In regard of which wronges, though his selfe neglects these light fruits as superfluous blossomes of his deeper Studies, yet hath it pleased him vpon my entreaty, to grant me the impression of part of them, to which I haue added an equall number of mine owne. And this two-faced *Fannus* thus in one bodie vnited, I humbly entreate you to entertaine and defend, chiefly in respect of the affection which I suppose you beare him, who I am assured doth aboue all others loue and honour you. And for my part, I shall thinke my selfe happie if in anie seruice I may deserue this fauour.

*Your Worships humbly deuoted,*

PHILIP ROSSETER.





## TO THE READER.



**W**HAT Epigrams are in Poetrie, the same are Ayres in musicke, then in their chiefe perfection when they are short and well seasoned. But to clogge a light song with a long Preludium, is to corrupt the nature of it. Manie rests in Musicke were inuented either for necessitie of the fuge, or granted as a harmonieall licence in songs of many parts, but in Ayres I find no use they haue, vnllesse it be to make a vulgar, and truaill modulation seeme to the ignorant strange, and to the iudiciall tedious. A naked Ayre without guide, or prop, or colour but his owne, is easily censured of euerie eare, and requires so much the more inuention to make it please. And as Martiall speake, in defence of his short Epigrams, so may I say in th'apologie of Ayres, that where there is a full volume, there can be no imputation of shortnes. The Lyricke Poets among the Greekes, and Latines were first inuenter of Ayres, tying themselves stricktly to the number, and value of their sillables, of which sort you shall find here onely one song in Saphicke verse, the rest are after the fashion of the time, eare-pleasing times without Arte. The subiect of them is for the most part amorous, and why not amorous songs, as well as amorous actiues? Or why not new Ayres, as well as new fashions? For the Note and Tablature, if they satisfie the most, we haue our desire, let expert masters please themselves with better. And if anie light error hath escaped vs, the skilfull may easily correct it, the vnskilfull will hardly perceiue it. But there are some, who to appeare the more deepe, and singular in their iudgement, will admit no Musicke but that, which is long, intricate, bated with fuge, chained with sincopation, and where the nature of euerie word is precisely exprest in the Note, like the old exploded action in Comedies, when if they did pronounce Mementi, they would point to the hinder part of their heads, if Video, put their finger in their eye. But such childish obseruing of words is altogether ridiculous, and we ought to maintaine as well in Notes, as in action a manly carriage, gracing no word, but that which is eminent, and emphaticall. Neuertheles, as in Poesie we giue the prebeminence to the Heroicall Poeme, so in Musicke we yeeld the chiefe place to the graue, and well inuented Motet, but not to euery harsh and dull confused Fantasie, where in multitude of points the Harmonie is quite drowned. Ayres haue both their Art and pleasure, and I will conclude of them as the Poet did in his censure, of Catullus the Lyricke, and Vergile the Heroicke writer:

Tantum magna suo debet Verona Catullo:  
Quantum parua suo Mantua Vergilio.

Tom W. of the ...

PHILIP ROSSITER.



**A Table of halfe the Songs contained  
in this Booke, by T.C.**

- I. My sweetest Lesbia
- II. Though you are yoong
- III. I care not for these Ladies
- IIII. Follow thy faire sunne
- V. My loue hath vowed
- VI. When to her lute
- VII. Turne backe you wanton fier
- VIII. It fell on a sommers daie
- IX. The Sympres curten
- X. Follow your Saine
- XI. Faire if you expect admiring
- XII. Thou art not faire.
- XIII. See where she flies
- XIIII. Blame not my cheekes
- XV. When the God of merrie loue
- XVI. Mistris since you so much desire
- XVII. Your faire lookes enflame
- XVIII. The man of life vpright
- XIX. Harke all you Ladies
- XX. When thou must home
- XXI. Come let vs sound with melodie.





I.



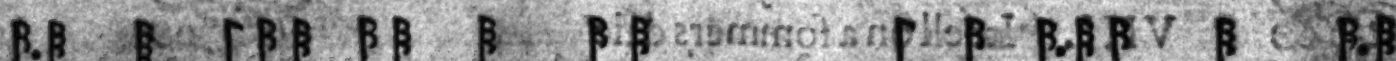
Y sweetest Lesbia let vs live and loue, and though the sager fort our



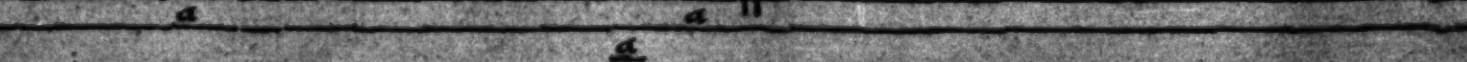
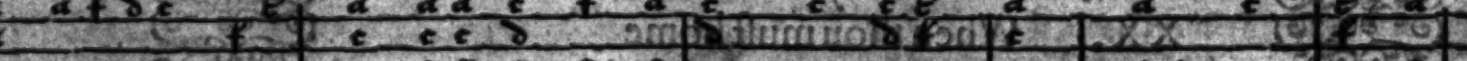
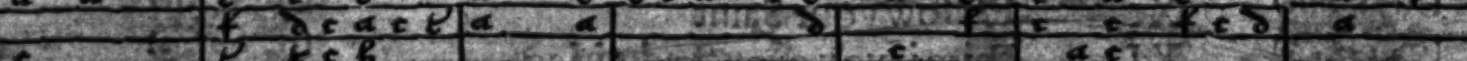
deedes re- proue, let vs not way them heau'ns great lampes doe diue into their well, and



strait againe re- uine, but soone as once set is, our little light, then must we sleepe one



ever- during night, ever- during night.



If all would lead their liues in loue like mee,  
Then bloudie swords and armour should not be,  
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleepes should moue,  
Vnles alar' me came from the campe of loue:  
But fooles do liue, and wast their little light,  
And seekewith paine their euer during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,  
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends,  
But let all louers rich in triumph come,  
And with sweet pastimes grace my happie tombe,  
And Lesbia close vp thou my little light,  
And crowne with loue my euer during night.

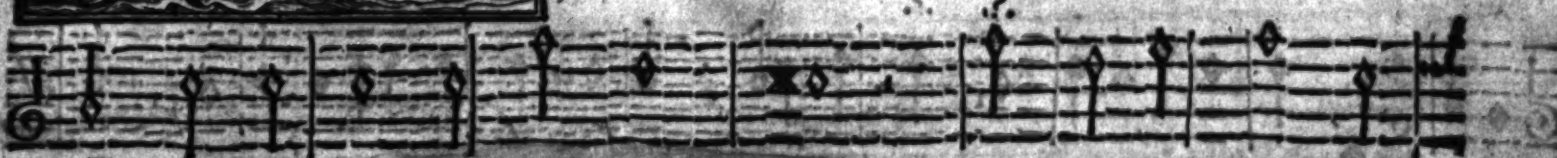




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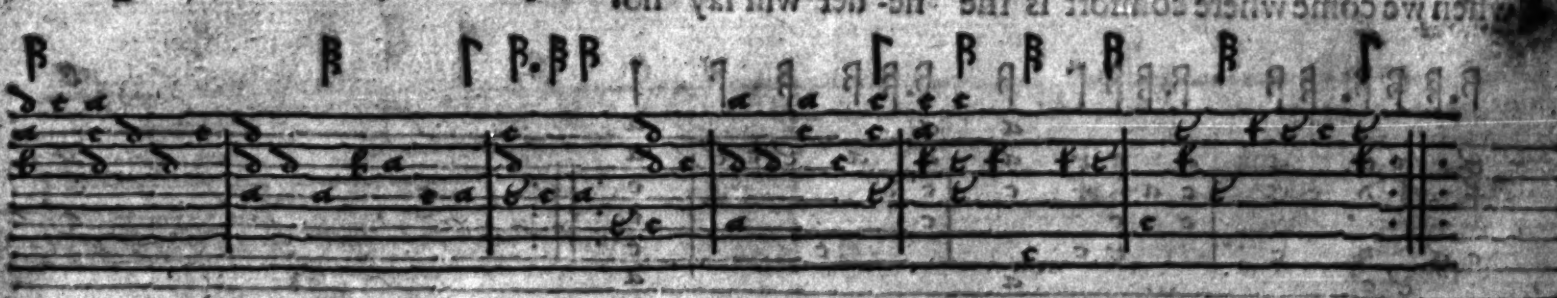
Hough you are yoong and I am olde,



though your vaines hot and my blood colde, though youth is moist and



age is drie, yet embers liue when flames doe die.



The tender graft is easely broke,  
But who shall shake the sturdie Oke?  
You are more fresh and faire then I,  
Yet stubs doe liue, when flowers doe die.

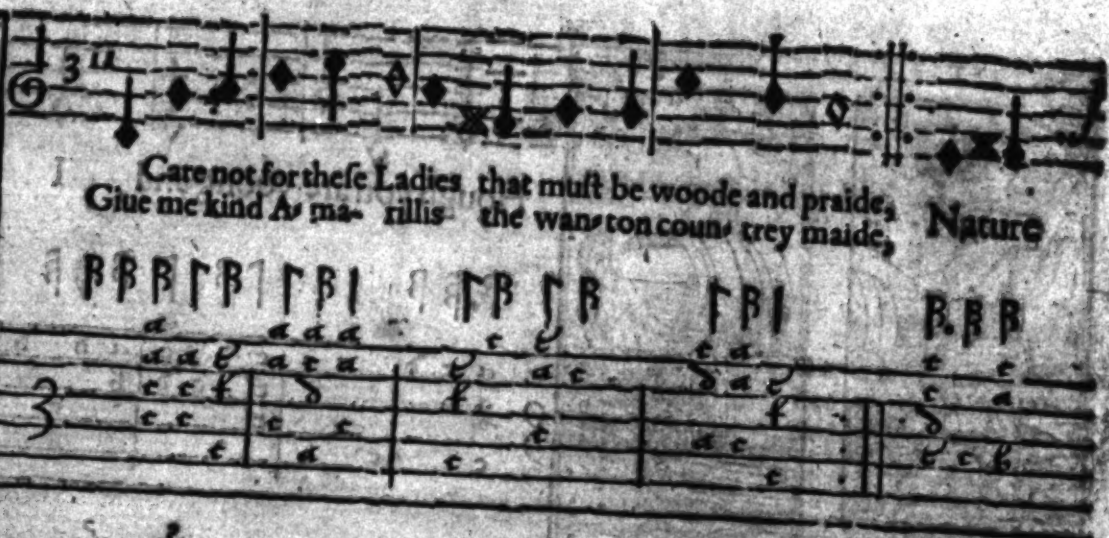
Thou that thy youth doest vainely boast,  
Know buds are soonest nip'd with frost,  
Thinke that thy fortune still doth erie,  
Thou foole to morrow thou must die.

B 2





III.



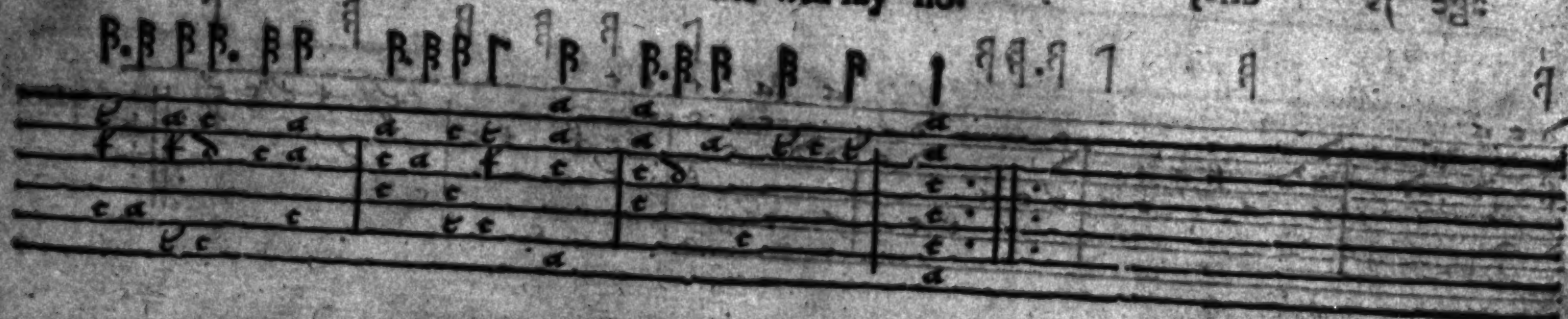
Care not for these Ladies that must be woode and praide,  
Giue me kind As ma- rillis the wan- ton coun- trey maide, Nature



art disdaineth, her beautie is her owne, Her when we court & kisse, she cries for looth let go, but



when we come where comfort is the ne- uer will say no.



If I loue Amarillis,  
She giues me fruit and flowers,  
But it we loue these Ladies,  
We must giue golden showers,  
Giue them gold that sell loue,  
Giue me the Nutbrowne lasse,  
VWho when we court, &c.

These Ladies must haue pillowes,  
And beds by strangers wrought,  
Giue me a Bower of willowes,  
Of mosse and leaues vnought,  
And fresh Amarillis  
With milke and honie fed,  
VWho when we court, &c.





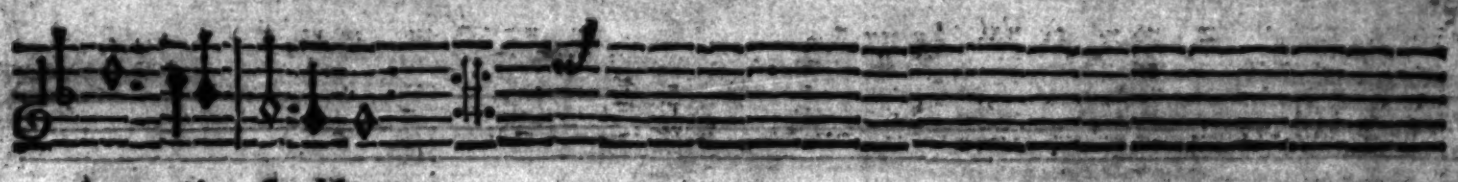
V  
IIII



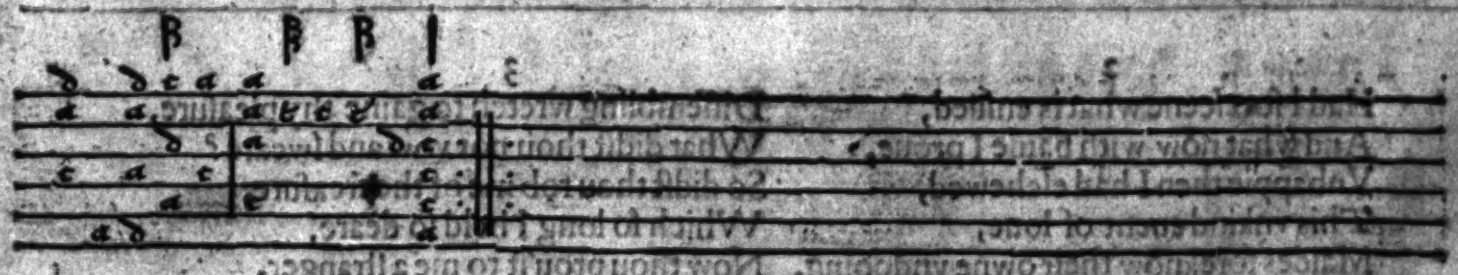
Ollowe thy faire sunne vnhappy shaddowe thought



thou though thou be blacke as night and the made all of light, yet follow thy faire sunne vn-



hap- pie shaddowe.



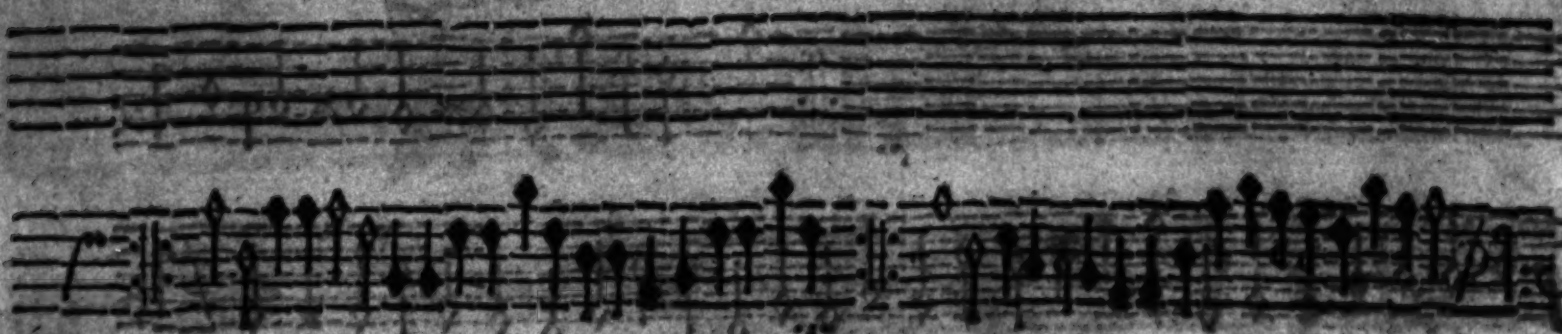
Follow her whose light thy light depriveth,  
Though here thou liu'st disgrac't,  
And she in heauen is plac't,  
Yet follow her whose light the world reuiueth.

Follow her while yet her glorie shineth,  
There comes a luckles night,  
That will dim all her light,  
And this the black vnhappy shade detineeth.

Follow those pure beames whose beaue butneth,  
That so haue scorched thee,  
As thou still blacke must bee,  
Til her kind beames thy black to brightnes turneth.

Follow still since so thy fates ordained,  
The Sunne must haue his shade,  
Till both at once doe fade,  
The Sun still prou'd the shadow still disdained.

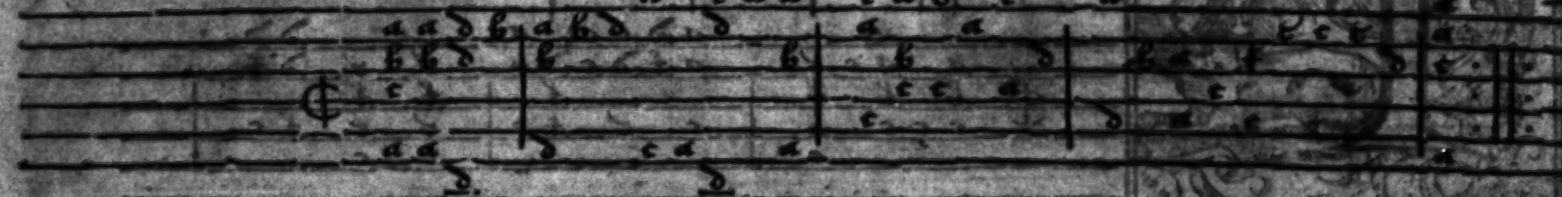
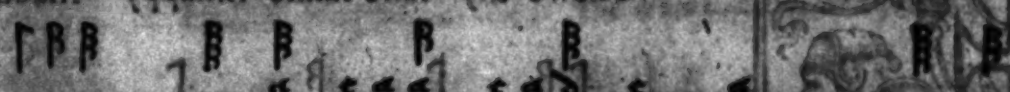




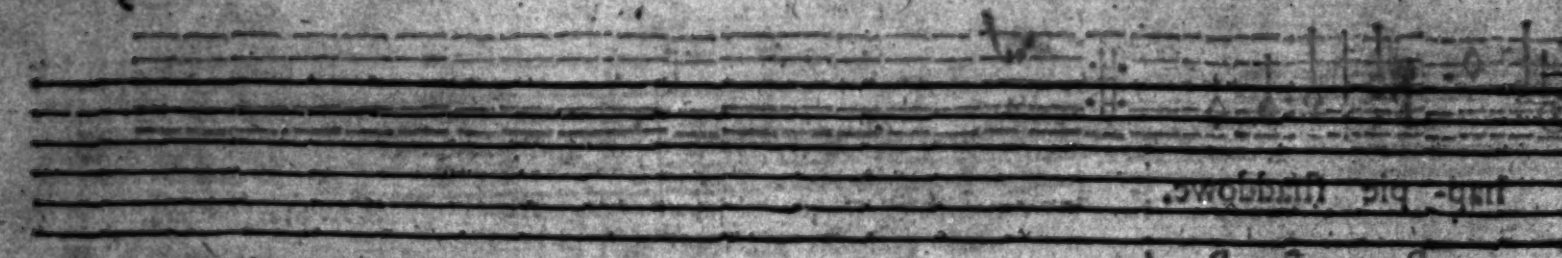
V.



Y loue hath vowd hee will for sake mee and I am al-  
Far or ther pro-mise he did make me when he had my  
die sped  
maiden head



If such danger be in playing, and sport must to earnest game, I will go no more a maying.



|  |  |
|--|--|
| Had I foreseene what is ensued,<br>And what now with paine I proue,<br>Vnhappie then I had eschewed,<br>This vnkind euent of loue,<br>Maides foreknow their owne vndooing,<br>But feare naught till all is done,<br>When a man alone is wooing,          | Dissembling wretch to gaine thy pleasure,<br>What didst thou not vow and sweare?<br>So didst thou rob me of the treasure,<br>Which so long I held so deare,<br>Now thou prou'lt to me a stranger,<br>Such is the vile guise of men,<br>When a woman is in danger.  |
| That hart is needest to misfortune,<br>That will trust a fained toong,<br>When flattering men our loues impottune,<br>They entend vs deepest wrong,<br>If this shame of loues betraying,<br>But this once I cleanly shun,<br>I will go no more a maying. | Follow her whose light bright light<br>Though here thou art in light<br>And she in heauen is bright<br>Follow her whose light bright light<br>Follow those whose light bright light<br>I hat to haue toucht thee<br>A thou fill blacke with mee<br>A her kind beames thy blacke to brightnes turne. The sun will grow the shadow fill dilated. |





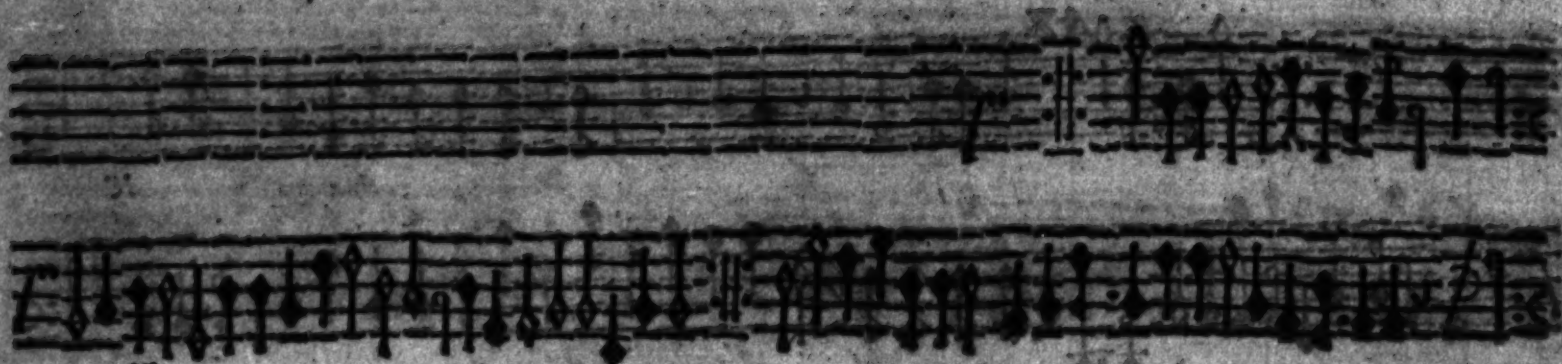
IIWI.



And as her lute doth liue or die,  
 Led by her passion, so must I,  
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,  
 My thoughts enjoy a sodaine spring,  
 But if she doth of sorrow speake,  
 Euen from my hart the strings doe breake.

C 2

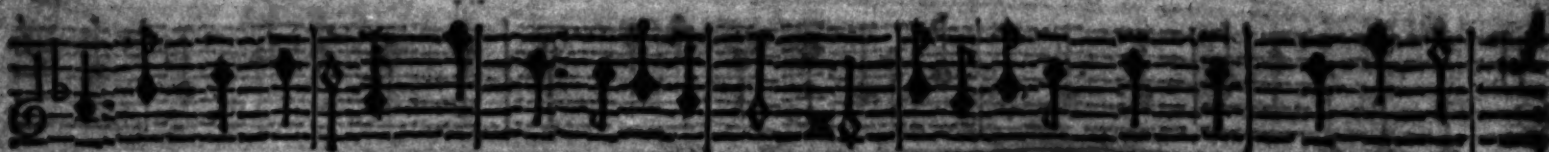




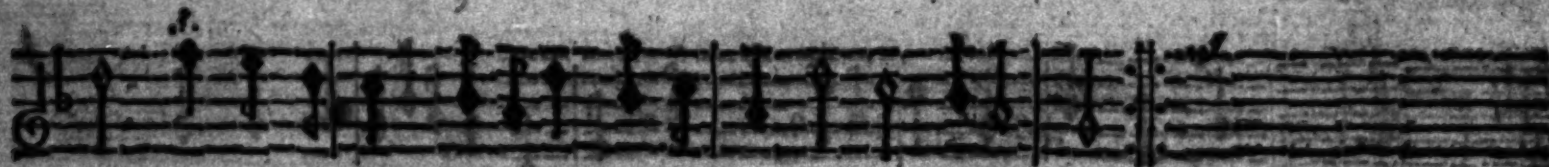
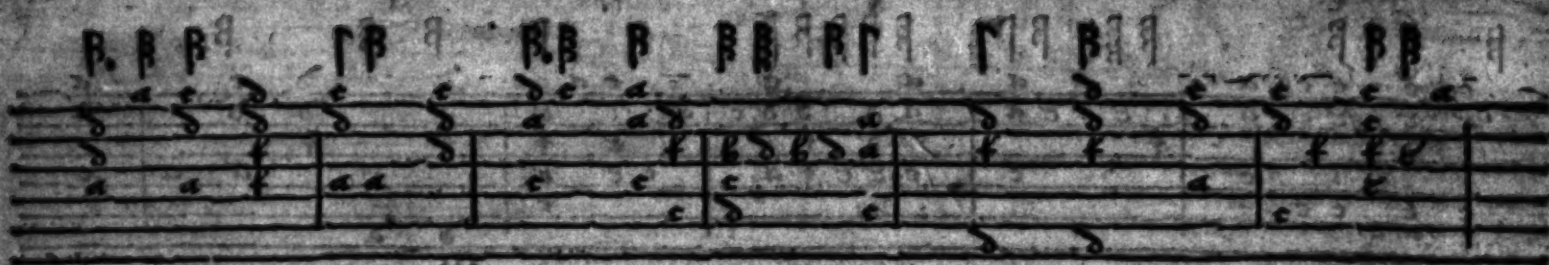
.I.VII.



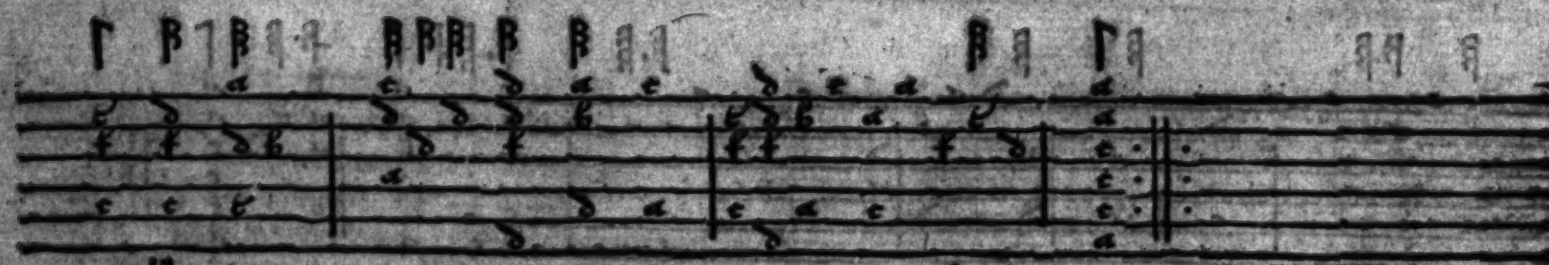
True backe you wanton flyer, and answere my de- fire with muti- all greeting,  
Yet bende a lit- tle neerer, true beauty still shines cleerer in closer meetings



Harts with harts delighted should strue to be v- ni- ted, either others armes with armes enchay-



ning, harts with a thought, rosie lips with a kisse still en- ter- tain- ing.



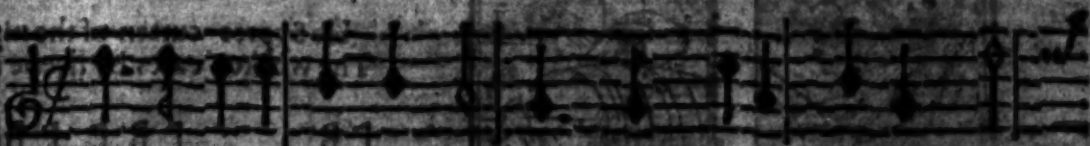
What haruest halfe so sweete is,  
As still to reape the kisses,  
Growne ripe in sowing,  
And straight to be receiuer,  
Of that which thou art giuer,  
Rich in bestowing.

There's no strickt obseruing,  
Of times, or seasons changing,  
There is euer one fresh spring abiding,  
Then what we sow with our lips  
Let vs reape loues gains deciding.





VIII.



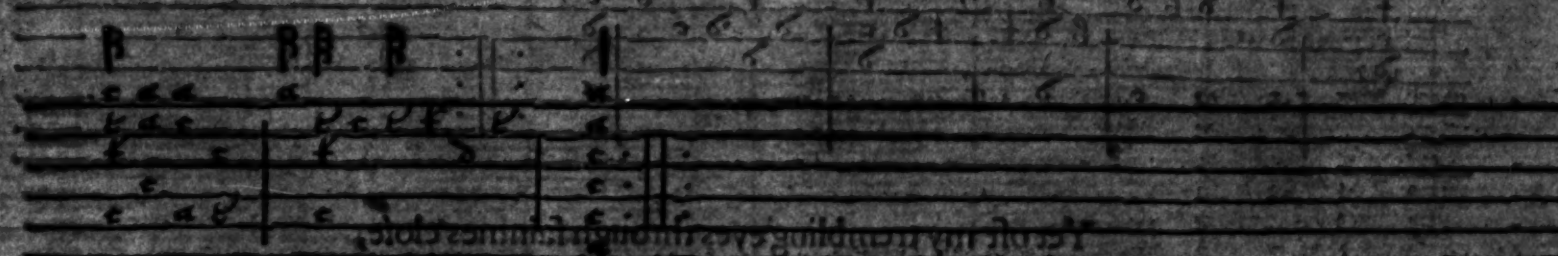
T fell on a sommers day while sweete Bessie sleeping late



in her bowre, on her bed, light with curtaines shadowed, In my came shee him spies



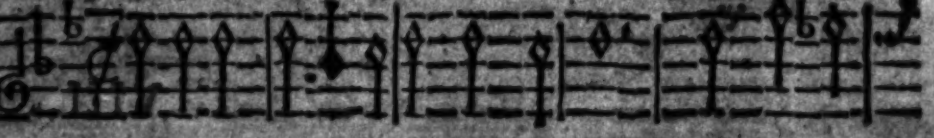
opning halfe her bea- uie lids,



Iamy stole in through the dore,  
She lay slumbering as before,  
Softly to her he drew neere,  
She heard him, yet would not heare,  
Bessie vow'd not to speake,  
He resolv'd that shee should wake,  
First a soft kisse he doth give,  
She lay still, and would not wake,  
Then his hands leane downe,  
Shee dream'd not what he would doo,  
But still slepe, while he smild  
To see how by sleepe beguild,  
Iamy then began to play,  
Bessie as one buried lay,  
Gladly still through this sleight,  
Deceiv'd in her owne deceit,  
And soe this trance begoon,  
Shee sleepes on till after noone.

D

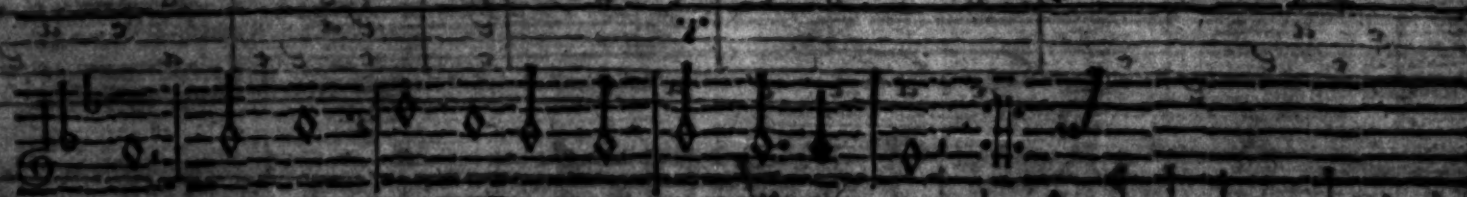
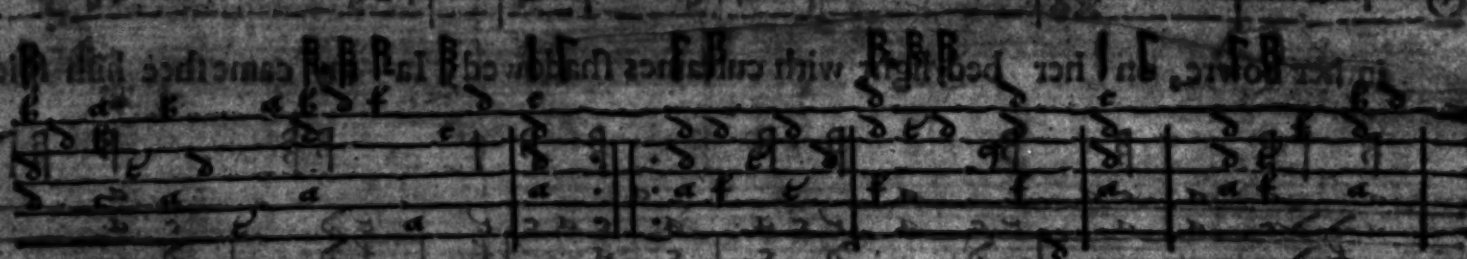




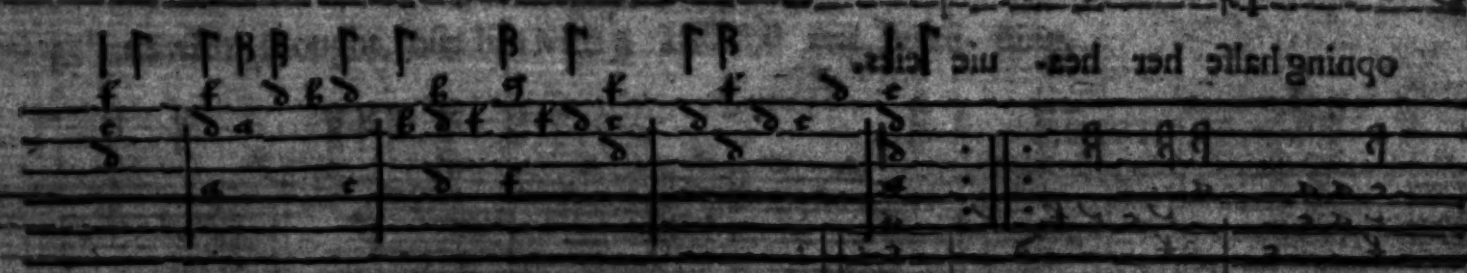
IX.  
He Syppes curten of the night is spread, and o- uer  
The weaker eies by sleepe are conquered, but I



Will a lone dewe is call,  
In spite of Mor- pheus charmes a watch doe



keepe o- uer mine eyes to be with carelesse sleepe.



Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintnes close,  
And then the Mapped hell before me stands,  
Which Ghosts doe see, and I am one of those,

Ordaied to pine in sorrowes endles band,  
Since from my wretched soule all hopes are past,  
And now no cause of life to me is left.

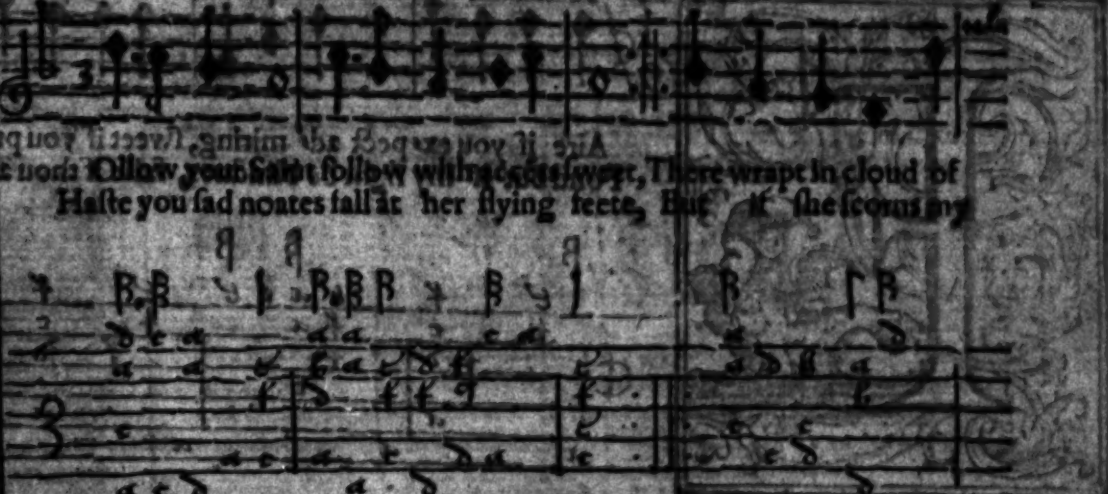
Griefe eatez my soule, for that will still endure,  
When my crast bodie is consumed and gone,  
Beare it to thy blacke denne, there keepe it sure,

Where thoues thousand soules doo thus abide,  
Yet all doe not afford such foudnes there,  
As this poyson, the worser part of mee.

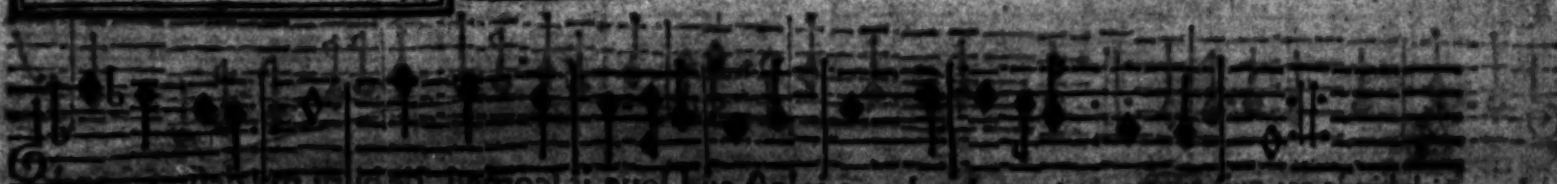




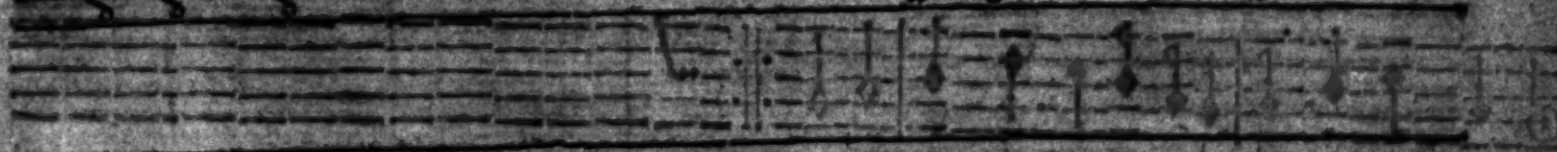
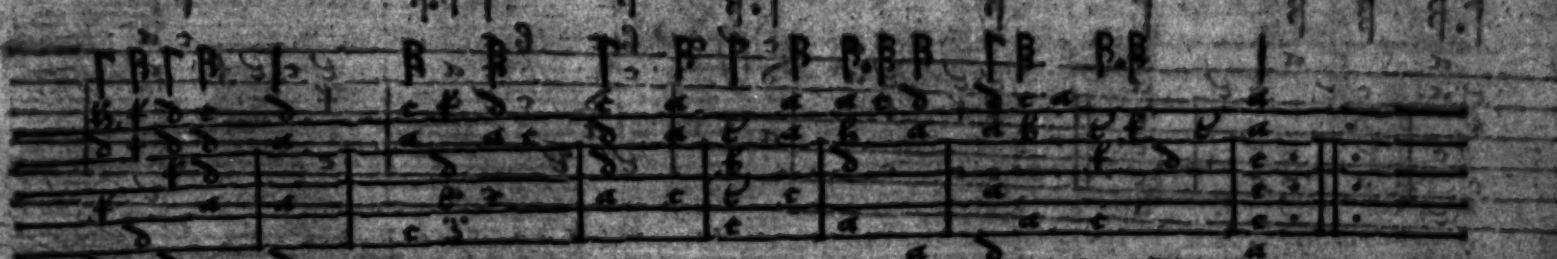
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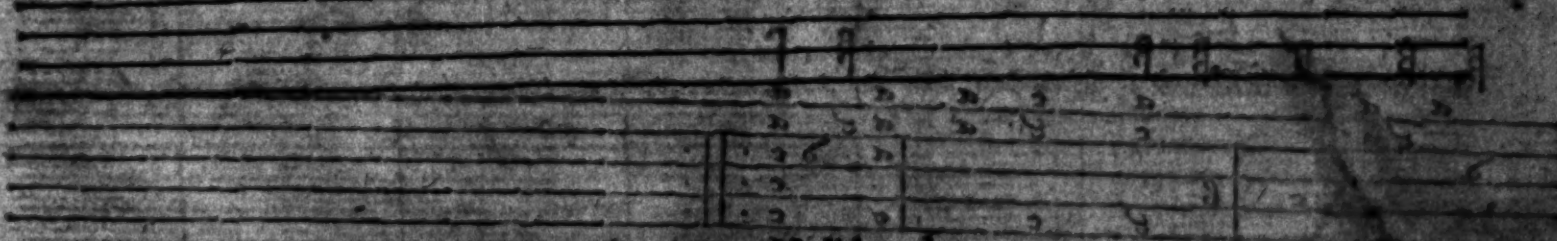
Follow you shall follow with me, there wrapt in cloud of  
Haste you sad notes fall at her flying feet, But if she scorn me



sorrowe pitie moue, And tell the raisher of my soule, I perishe for her loue,  
ne uer prasing paine, Then burst with sighing in her sight, And nere re- turne as gaine,



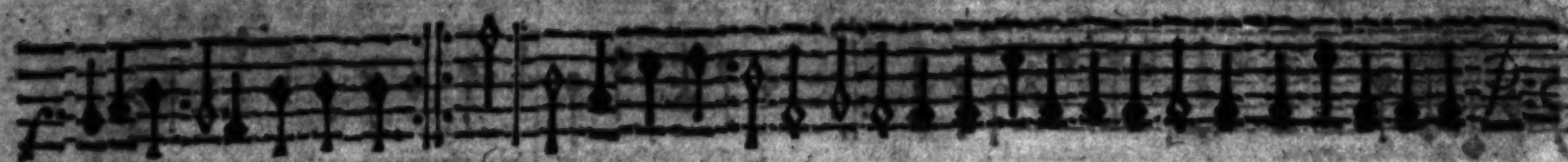
And if she scorn me, I will follow her, and in her sight, I will perishe.



All that I song still to her praise did tend,  
Still she was first, still she my songs did end,  
Yet she my loue, and Musicke both doeth flie,  
The Musicke that her Eccho is, and beauties simpatie;  
Then let my Noates pursue her frome this flight,  
It shall suffice, that they shall breath'd, and dyed for her delight.

Yield to her, and in her sight, I will perishe.  
Time, if I follow her, and in her sight, I will perishe.  
Hope made vaine, and pittie made,  
Hope to see my long lamenting,  
But if grieue remaine still vnderdressed,  
Ile lie to her againe, and in her sight, I will perishe.

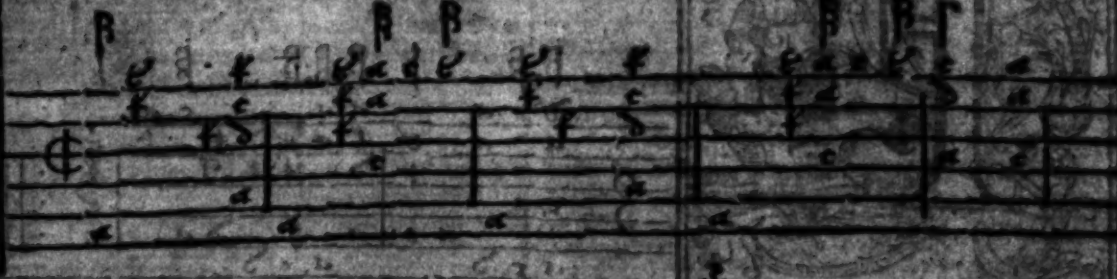




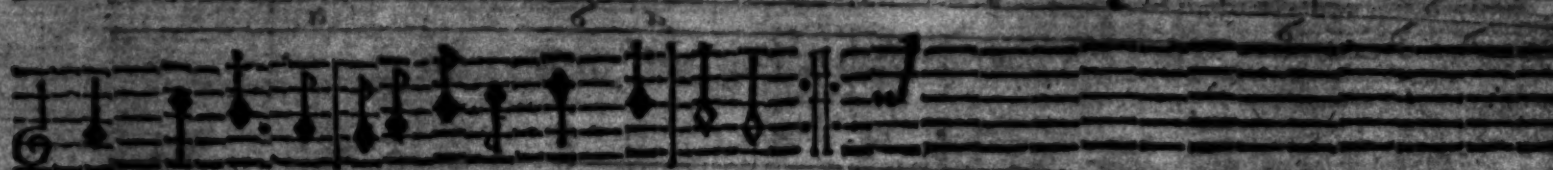
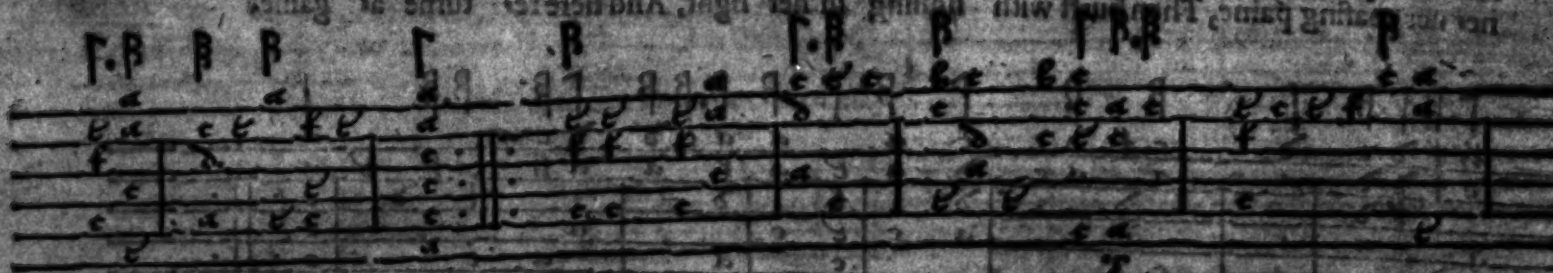
XI.



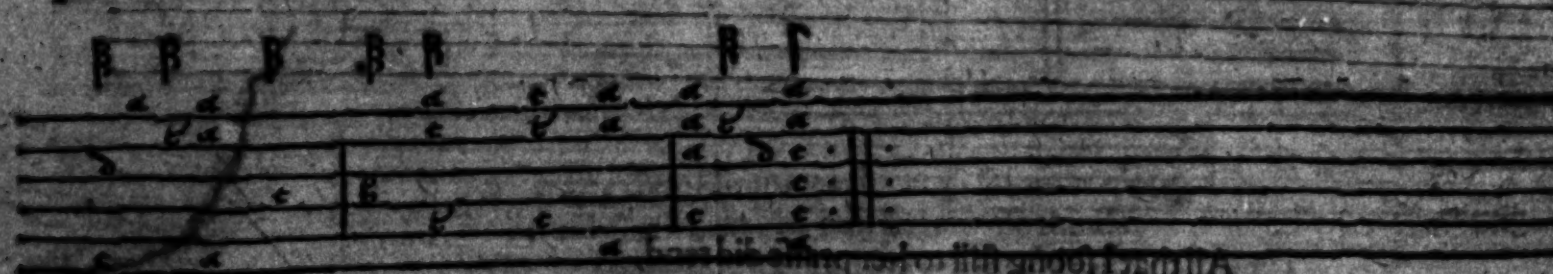
Aire if you expect ad'miring, Sweet if you prouoke de-siring, grace deere  
Fond but if thy light be blindnes, false if thou art full vnkindnes, flie both



loue with kinde re-qui-ting, Then when hope is lost and loue is scorned, lie bury my desires, and  
loue and loues de-lighting, And tell the number of my toils, And tell the number of my toils,



quench the fires that euer yet in vaine haue burned.



Alas! I thought till now I had found  
Still the was first, till the my long did end  
Yet the my love, and the my love both did  
The Musicke that her Echo is, and the my love  
Then for my Nores put me in  
I shall suffice, that they  
Fates, if you rule others fortune,  
Stars, if men your powers impotune,  
Yield reliefe by your relenging,  
Time, if sorrow be not endles,  
Hope made vaine, and pittie friendles,  
Helpe to ease my long lamenting,  
But if griefes remaine still vnredressed,  
I'll flie to her againe, and sue for pittie to renue my hopes distressed,





III XII.



Flow'rs nor faire for all thy red & white, for all those  
Thou art not sweet though made of meet delight, nor faire nor



will not sooth thy fancies thou shalt prove, That beauty  
sweet vnlesse thou plee the mee,



is no beauty without loue  
All her thoughts are made of  
Other pleasures are but toys, to her beauteous sweet conceits  
light

My fortune hangs vpon her brow  
For as the tines, or flow'rs  
So must my blown affections bow  
And her proude thoughts too  
With what vncdall tyrannie  
Her beames doe command  
Yet loue not me, nor seeke thou to allure  
My thoughts with beautes were it more deare,  
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,  
Ie not be wrapt vp in those armes of chine,  
Now shew it if thou be a woman right,  
Embrace, and kisse, and loue me in despite









.VXIII.



I long not my cheeks though pale with love they be, the kindly  
To cherish it that is dismaid by thee, who art so

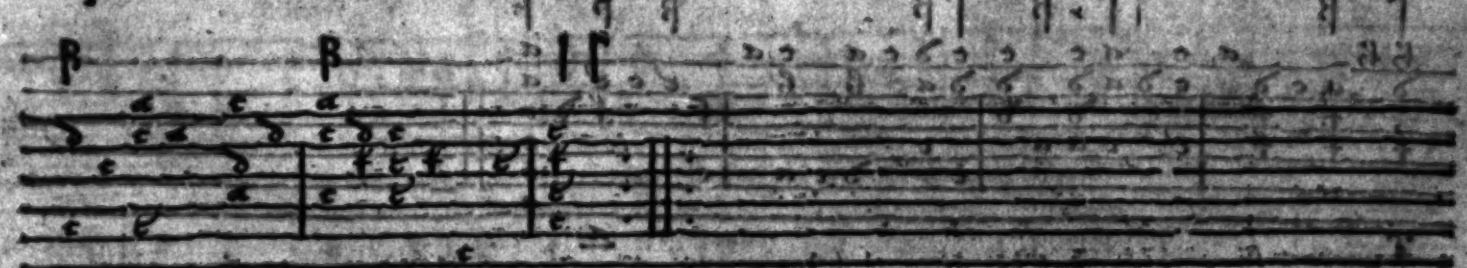


heate mine my heart is howne,  
cruell and vnto speedfast growne,

For nature cold for by distressed harts, neg-lect and



quite for sake the out-ward partes.



But they whose cheekes with carles blood are stain'd,  
Nurse not one sparke of love within their harts,  
And when they wee they speake with passion fain'd,  
For their far loue lyes in their outward parts,  
But in their breasts where loue his court should hold,  
Poore Cupid sits, and blowes his nalles for cold,

But they whose cheekes with carles blood are stain'd,





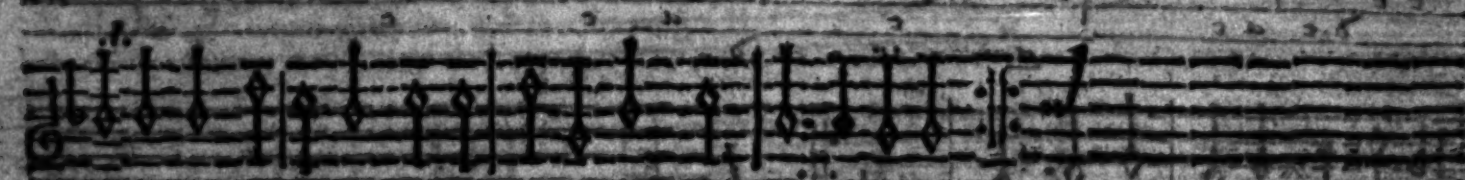
IIIIXV.



Then the God of mercie loue as yet in his cradle lay,



thus his wither'd nurse did say, Thou a wanton boy wilt proue, to deuide the powers aboue,



for by thy continuall smiling, I see thy power of beguiling.

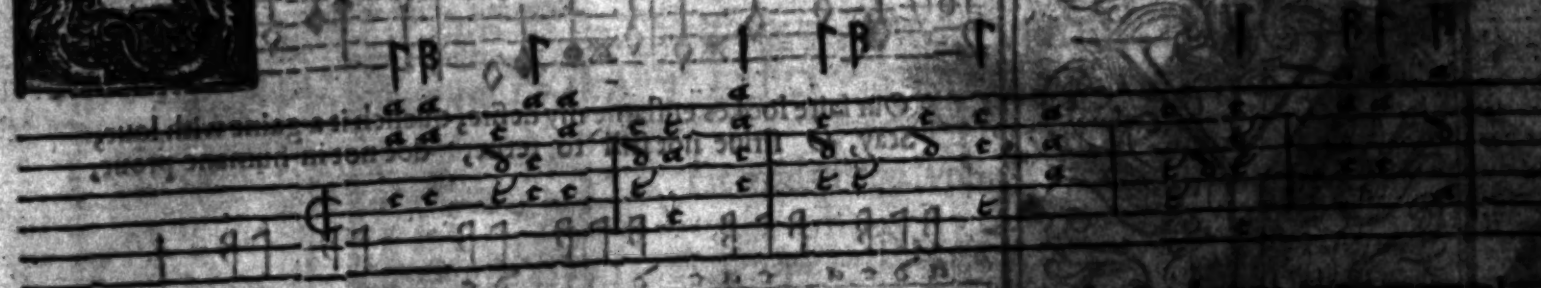


There with the babe did liſſe,  
When a ſodaine fire our came  
From thoſe burning lips of his,  
That did her with loue enflame,  
For their ſweet ſmell ſhe held  
But in the end ſhe found it cold,  
So that her daie of dying  
The old wretch li'd euer crying.

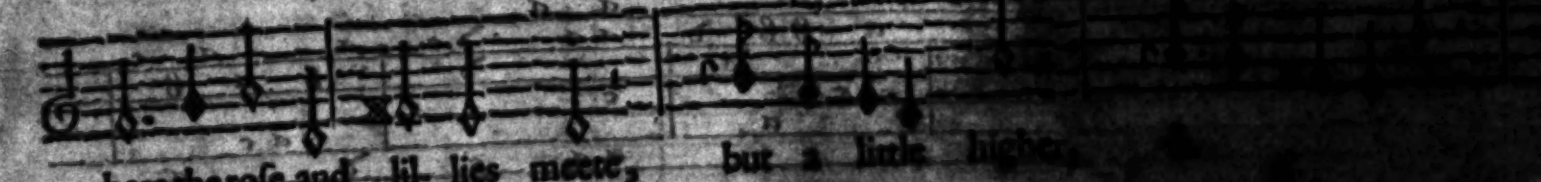




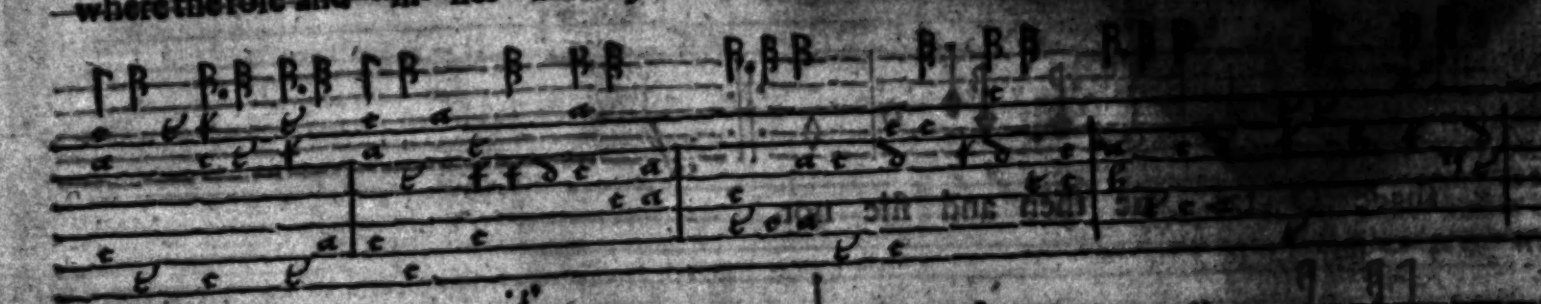
It is since you so much desire, to know the place of Cupids fire, in your face



Shrine that flame doth rest, yet never harbour'd in your breast, it bids not in your lips so sweete rest



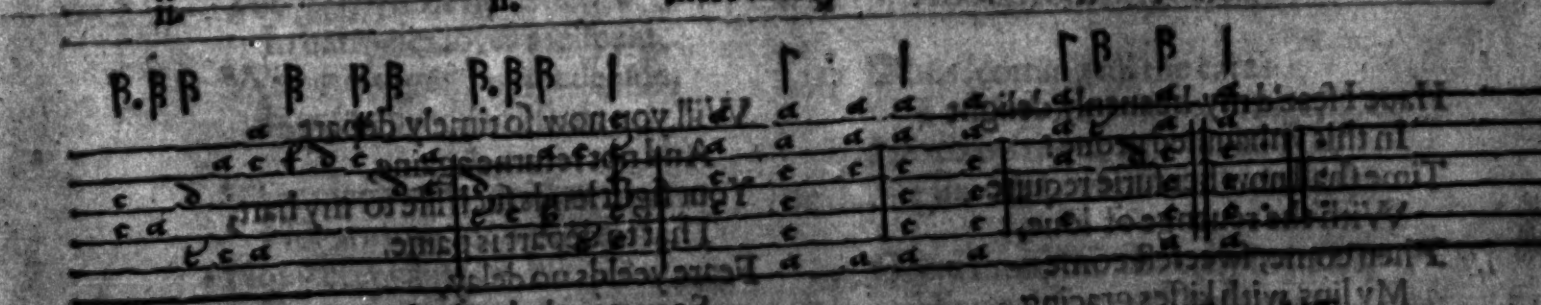
where the rose and lil-lies meete, but a little higher,



ii.

ii.

there there, O there lies Cupids fire.



Even in those staring piercing eyes,  
There Cupids sacred fire lies,  
Those eyes I strine not to enioy,  
For they haue power to destroy.

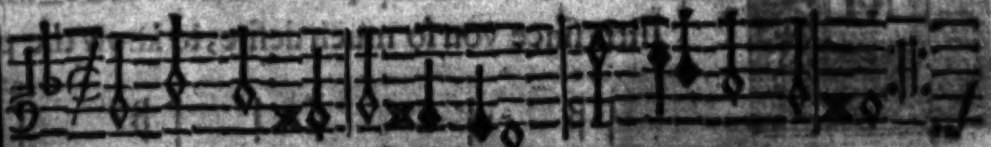
Nor woe I for a smile, or kisse,  
So meanelly triumph, not my blisse,  
But a little higher, ii.  
I climbe to crowne my chaste desire.

F



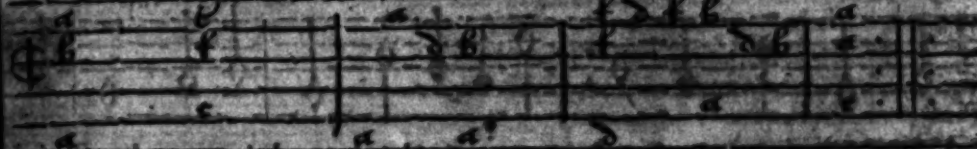


XVII.



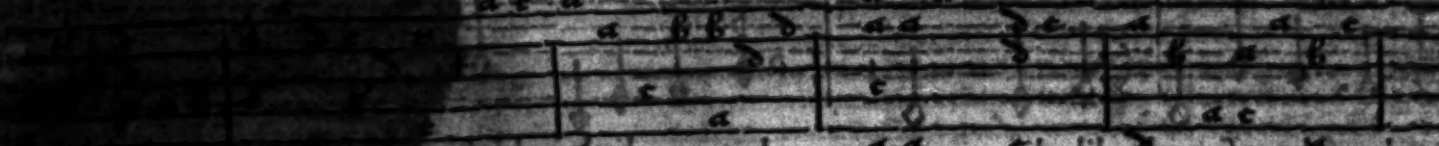
Our faire lookes enflame my desire, quench it againe with loue,  
Stay, O striue not still to retire, doe not in humane proue,

Y  
a d e a e a e d d e



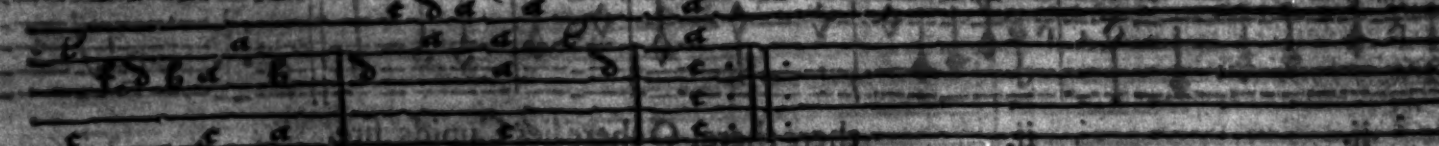
It hath perswade lones pleasures doe de- nie not, here is a si- lent groue

Y  
a e a a b b d a a d e a e a e



shade O tar- tie then and file not.

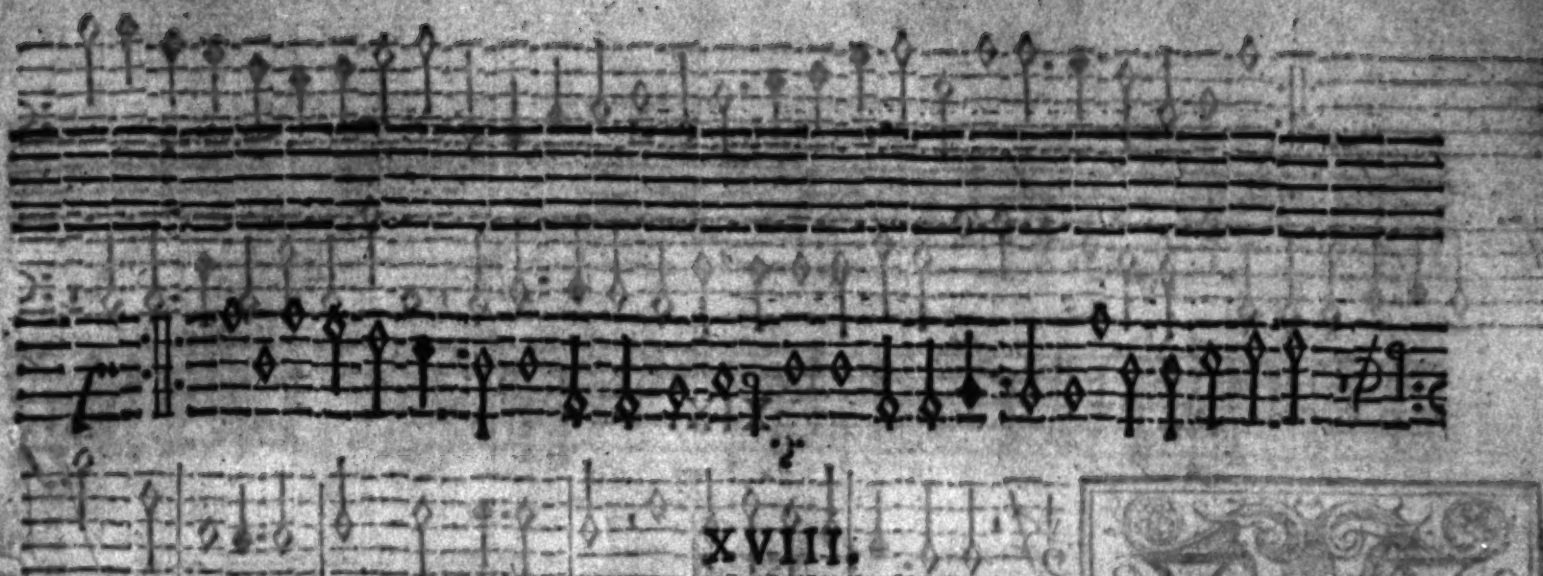
Y  
a e a a a a d e a a



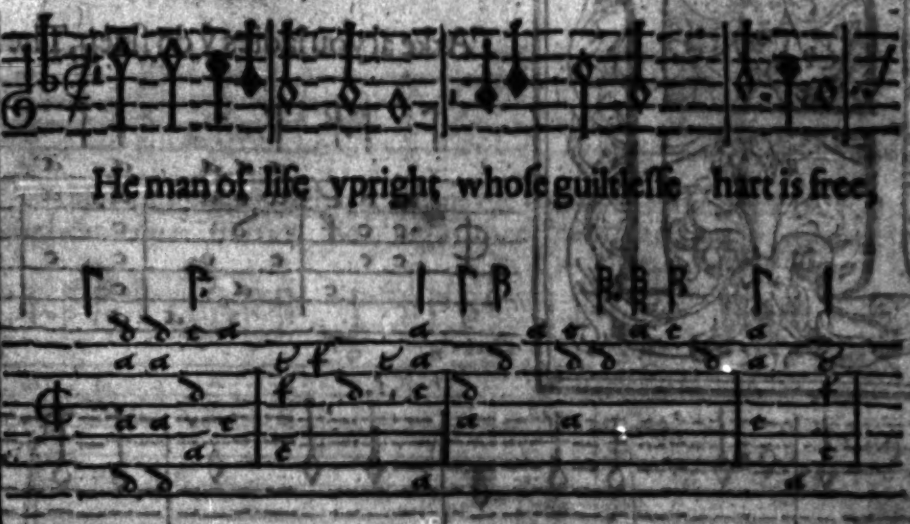
Have I feaz'd my heavenly delight  
In this vnhaunted groue?  
Time shall now her furie requite  
With the reuenge of loue,  
Then come, sweetest come  
My lips with kisses gracing,  
Here let vs harbour all alone,  
Doe die in sweete embracing.

Will you now so rimely depart  
And not returne againe,  
Your sight lends such life to my hart,  
That to depart is paine,  
Feare yeelds no delay,  
Securenes helpeth pleasure,  
Then till the time giues safer stay,  
O farewell my liues measure,  
For they haue power to destroy.





XVIII.



He man of life ypright whose guiltlesse hart is free,



from all disho- nest deedes or thought of vannie,



bid, leane not the dogs that bark at night will have all bid.



The man whose silent dayes  
In harmles joyes are spent  
Whome hopes cannot delude,  
Nor sorrow discontent,  
That man needs neither tower  
Nor armour for defence,  
Nor secret vaults to flie  
From thunders violence,  
Hec onely can behold  
With vnashamed eyes,

The horrors of the deepe,  
And terrors of the Skies,

Thus scorning all the cares  
That fate, or fortune brings,  
He makes the heau'n his booke,  
His wisdoms heu'nly things,

Good thoughts his onely friends,  
His wealth a well spent age  
The earth his bedd of linn,  
And quiet Pilgrimage,

Agnes in Auctus

Their holy vigill

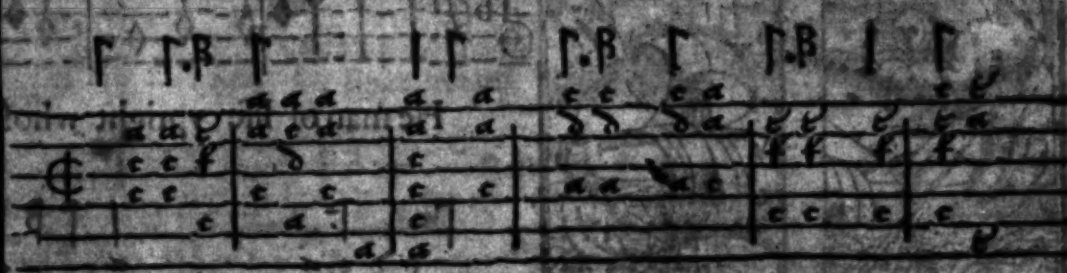




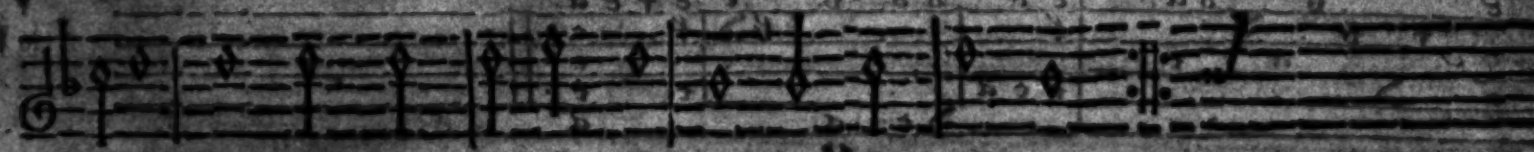
XIX.



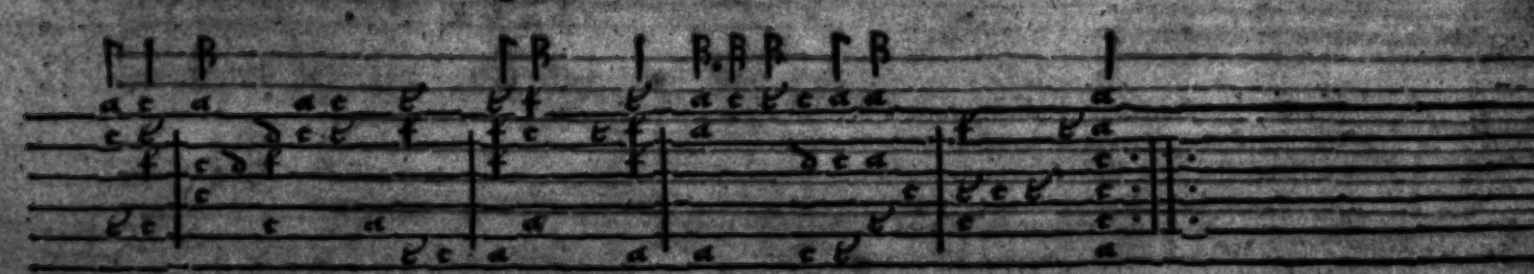
Arke al you ladies y do sleep, The fayry queen Pro- serpina bids you



awake and pitie them that weep, you may doe in the darke what the day doth



forbid, feare not the dogs that barke night will haue all hid.



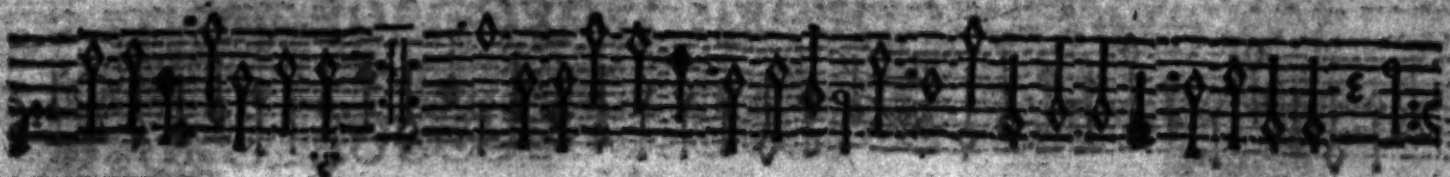
But if you let your louers mone,  
the Fairie Queene Proserpina  
Will send abroad her rairies euer one,  
that shall pinch blacke and blew,  
Your white hands, and faire armes,  
that did not kindly rue  
Your Paramours hartes.

In Myrtle Arbours on the downe,  
the Fairie Queene Proserpina  
This night by moone-shine leading merrie rounds,  
holds a watch with sweet loue,  
Downe the dale, vp the hill,  
no plaints or groanes may moue  
Their holy vigill.

All you that will hold watch with loue,  
the Fairie Queene Proserpina  
Will make you fairer then Diones done,  
Roses red, Lillies white,  
And the cleare damaske hne  
shall on your cheekes allight,  
Loue will adorne you.

All you that loue, or lou'd before,  
the Fairie Queene Proserpina  
Bids you encrease that louing hamour more,  
they that yet haue not  
On delight amorous,  
she vowes that they shall lead  
Apes in Auerus.

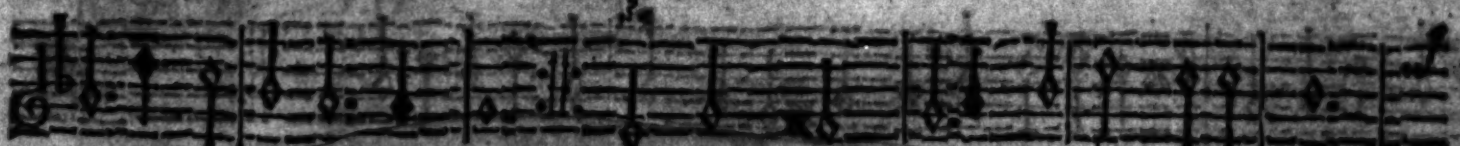




.IXXX.



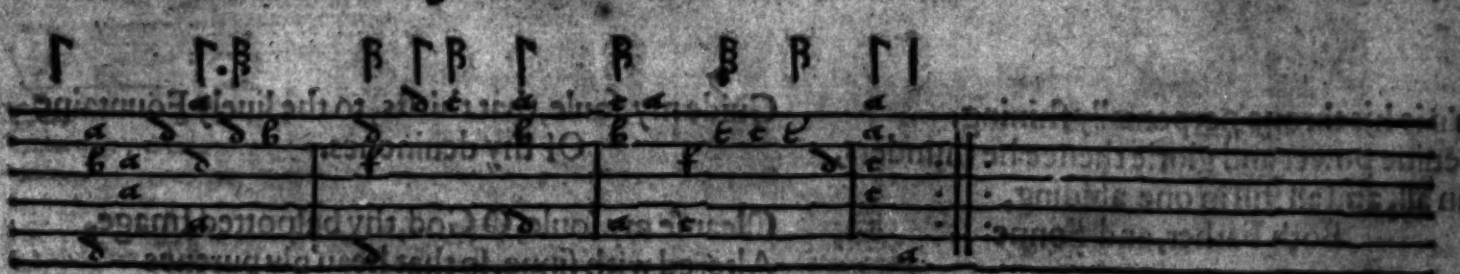
Here thou must come to shades of yonder ground, and there  
The beauteous spirits do ingirt thee round, white I see



thou'd a neweard, merrill, red gait,  
pe, blith Hellen, and the rest, To heare the stonies of thy finisht loue,



from that fine othe toong whose mus- sicke hell can moue.



Cannot acknowledge me but in my meries  
O fanner of grace

Then wilt thou speake of banqueting delights,  
Of masks and reuels which swete youth did make,  
Of Turnies and great challenges of knights,  
And all these triumphes for thy beaunies sake,  
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,  
Then tell, O tell how thou didst murder mee.

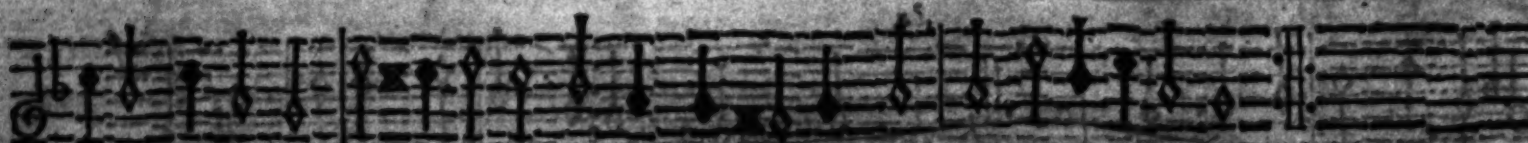




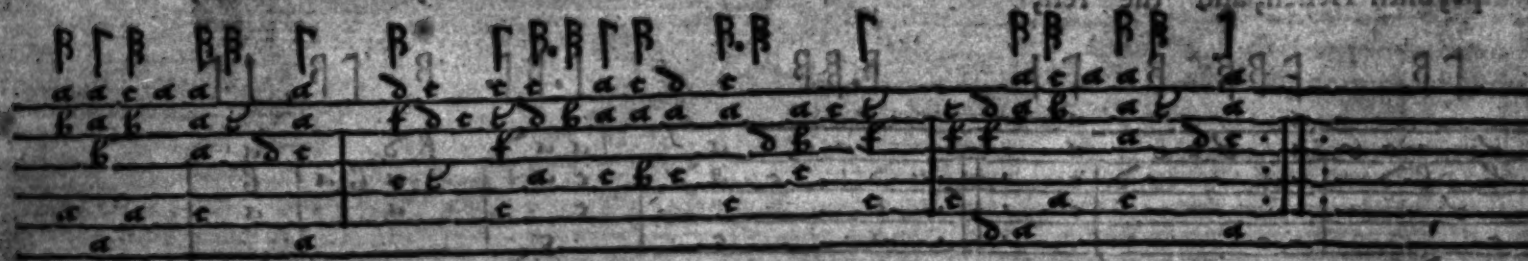
.XXI.



One let vs sound with melody the praises of the kings king, Th' omni-



potent cre-a-tor, Author of number, that hath all the world in harmonic framed.



Heav'n is his throne perpetually shining,  
His deivine power and glorie thence he thunders,  
One in all, and all still in one abiding,  
Both Father, and Sonne.

O sacred sprite invifible, eternall,  
Eu'ry where, yet vnlimited, that all things  
Canst in one moment penetrate, revieve me  
O holy Spirit.

Refcue, O refcue me from earthly darknes,  
Banish hence all thefe elementall objects,

Guide my foule, that thirsts, to the lively Fountaine  
Of thy deivinenes.

Cleanse my foule, O God, thy befpotted Image,  
Altered with finne, fo that heau'nly purenes  
Cannot acknowledge me but in thy mercies  
O Father of grace.

But when once thy beames do remoue my darknes,  
O then I'll shine forth as an Angell of light,  
And record with more than an earthly voice thy  
Infinite honours.

FINIS.



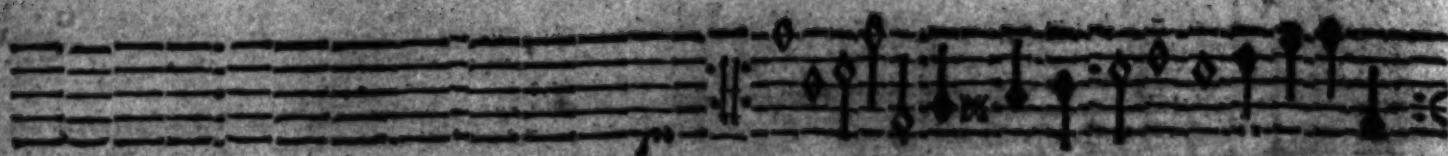
**A Table of the rest of the Songs con-  
tained in this Booke, made by  
Philip Rosseter.**

- I. Sweete come againe
- II. And would you see
- III. No graue for woe
- IIII. If I vrge my kinde desires
- V. What hearts content
- VI. Let him that will be free
- VII. Reproue not loue
- VIII. And would you faine
- IX. When Laura smiles
- X. Long haue mine eyes
- XI. Though far from ioy
- XII. Shall I come if I swim
- XIII. Aie me that loue
- XIIII. Shall then a trayterous
- XV. If I hope I pine
- XVI. Vnlesse there were consent
- XVII. If she forsakes me
- XVIII. What is a daie
- XIX. Kind in vnkindnesse
- XX. What then is loue but
- XXI. Whether men doe laugh



G 2

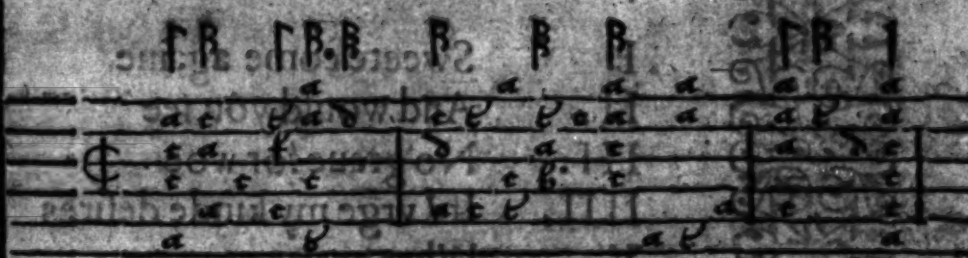




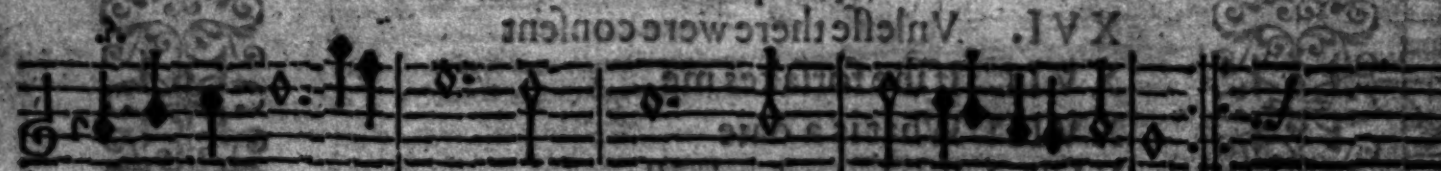
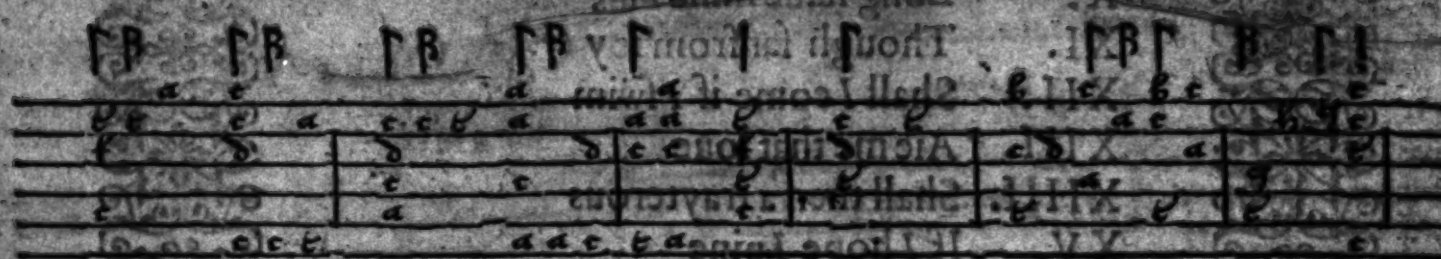
I.



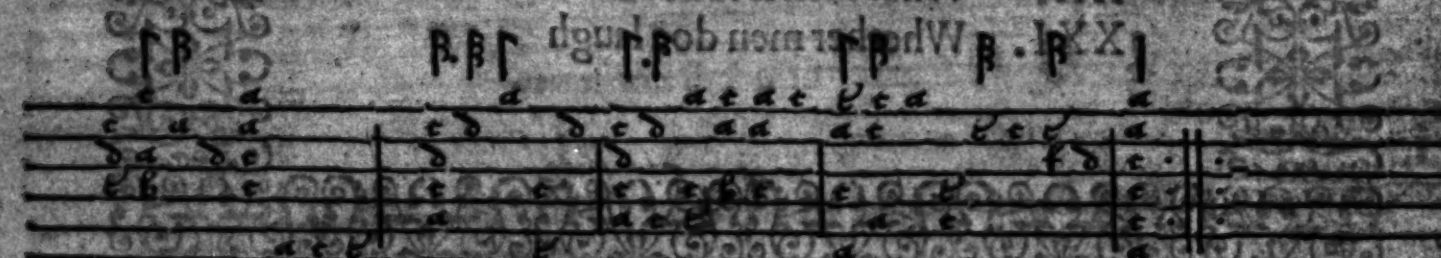
Weete come againe, your happie sight for much desir'd



since you from hence are now retir'd I seeke in vaine, till now I mone, & pine in longing paine,



till you my lues de- light a- gaine vouch- safe your wisht retaine.



If true desire,  
Or faithfull vow of endles loue,  
Thy heart enflam'd may kindly moue  
With equall fire;  
O then my ioies.  
So long distraught shall rest,  
Reposed soft in thy chaste brest,  
Exempt from all annoies.

You had the power  
My wandering thoughts first to restraine,  
You first did heare my loue speake plaine,  
A child before:

Now it is growne  
Confirm'd, do you it keepe,  
And let it safe in your bosome sleepe,  
There euer made your owne.

And till we meete,  
Teach abscence inward art to find,  
Both to disturbe and please the mind,  
Such thoughts are sweete,  
And such remaine  
In hearts whole flames are true,  
Then such will I retaine till you  
To me retaine againe,

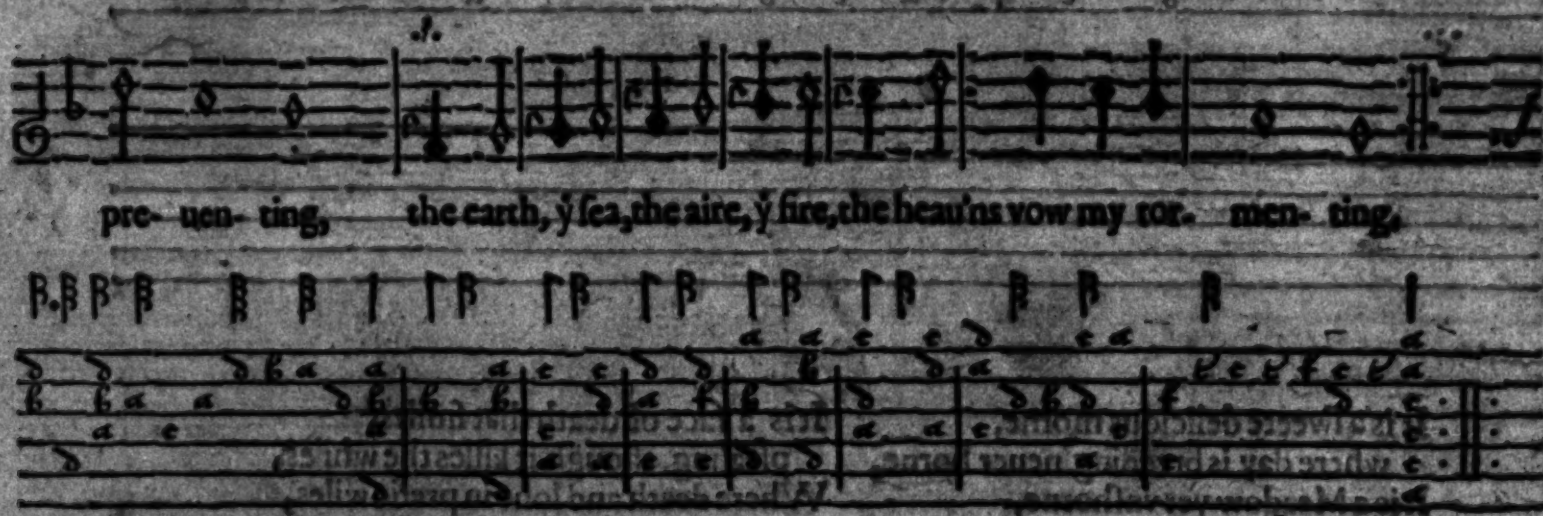
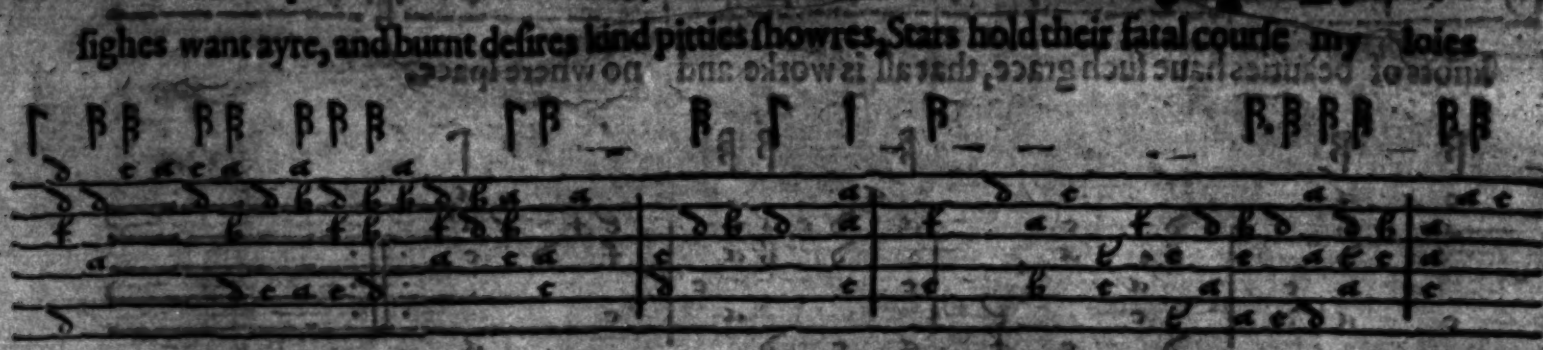
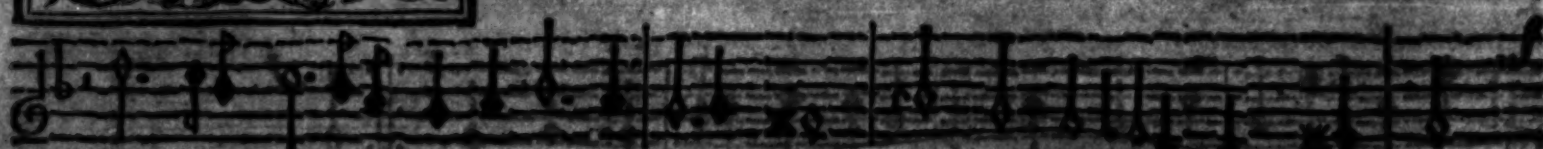
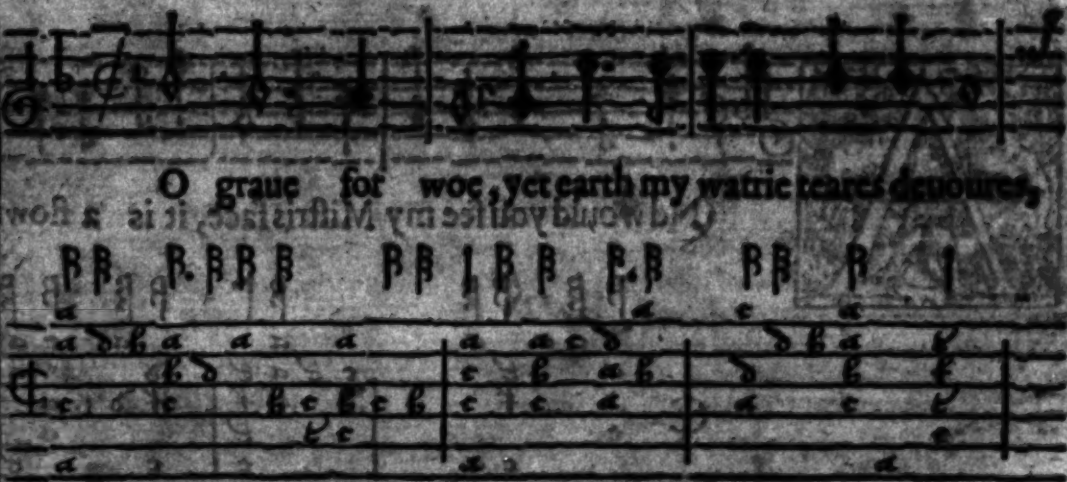






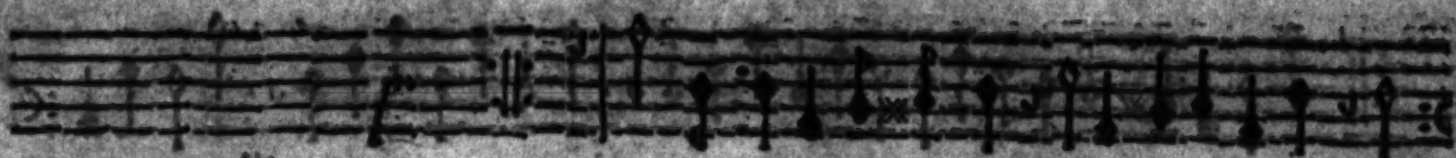


III.

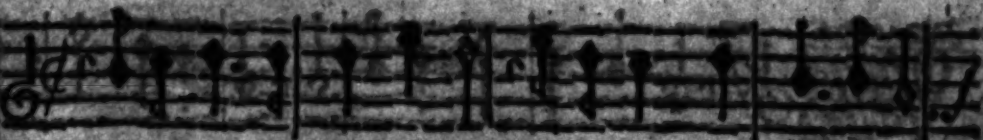


Yet still I liue and waste my wearie daies in grones,  
 And with wofull tunes adorne dispayring mones,  
 Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow,  
 My day is night, my life my death, and all but sence of sorrow.

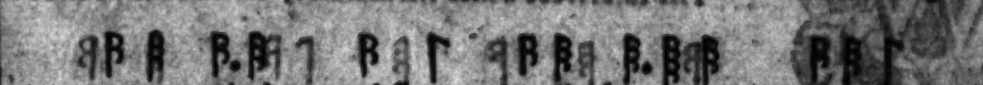




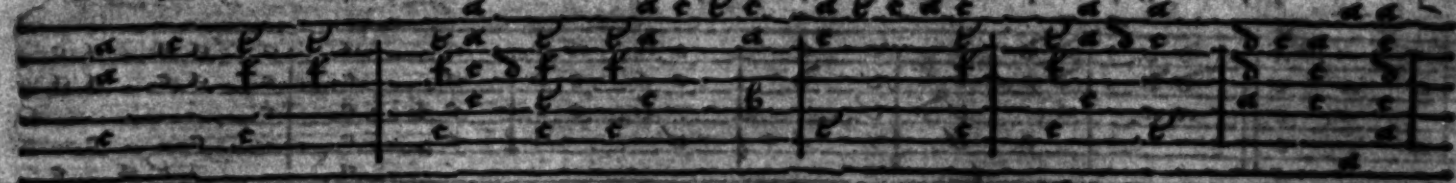
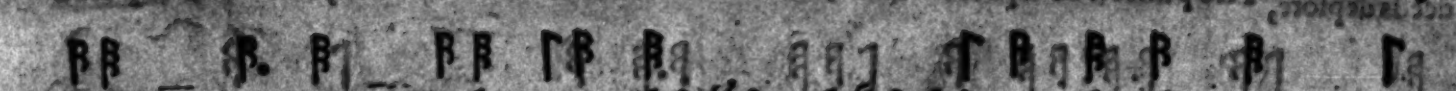
III.



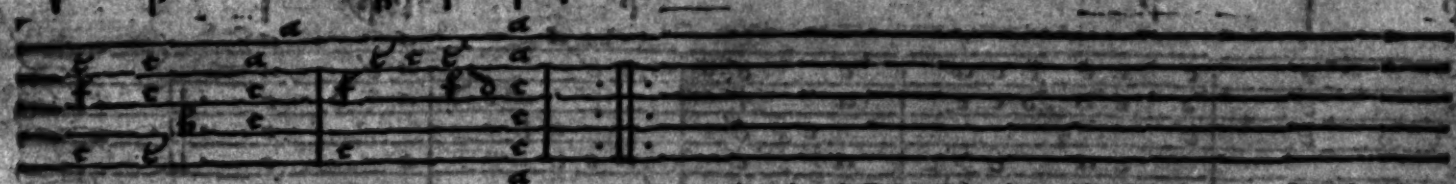
I vrge my kinde desires, she vnkind doth them reiect,



womens hearts are painted fires to deceiue them that affect, I alone loues fires include,



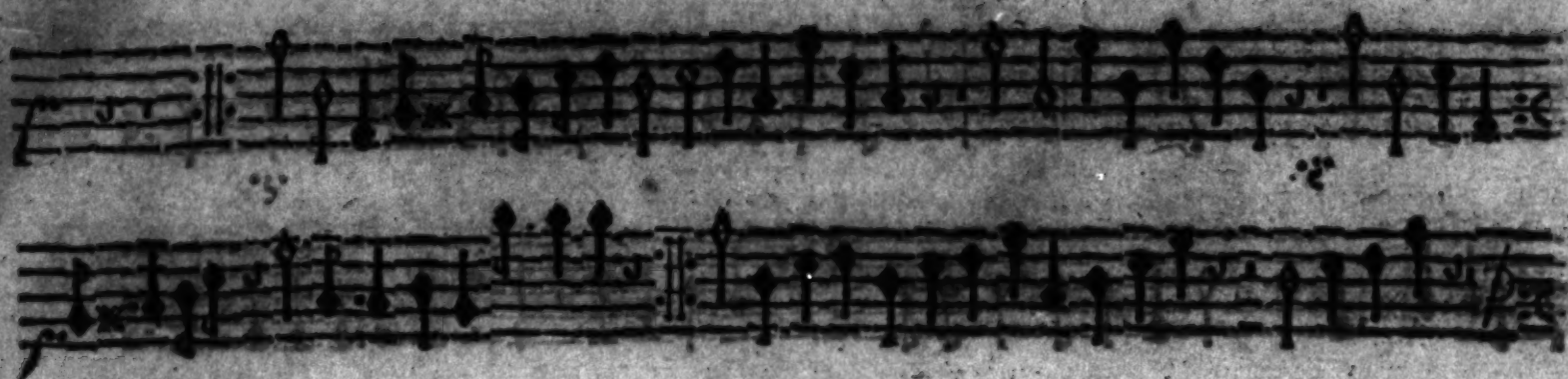
shee alone doth them delude.



Shee hath often vow'd her loue,  
But alas no fruit I finde,  
That her fires are false I proue,  
Yet in her no fault I finde,  
I was thus vnhappy borne,  
And ordain'd to be her scorne.

Yet if humane care, or paine  
May the heau'nly order change,  
She will hate her owne disdain,  
And repent she was so strange,  
For a truer heart then I,  
Neuer liu'd, or lou'd to die.



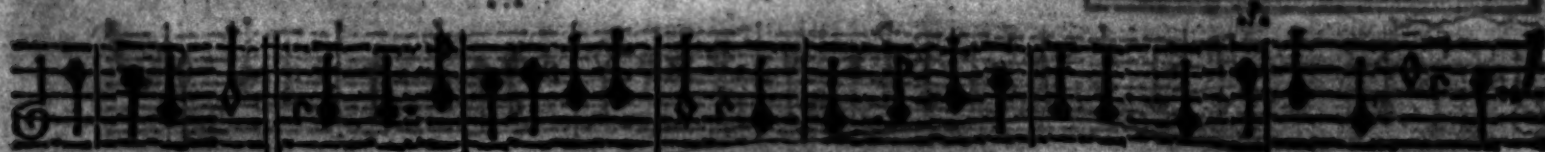
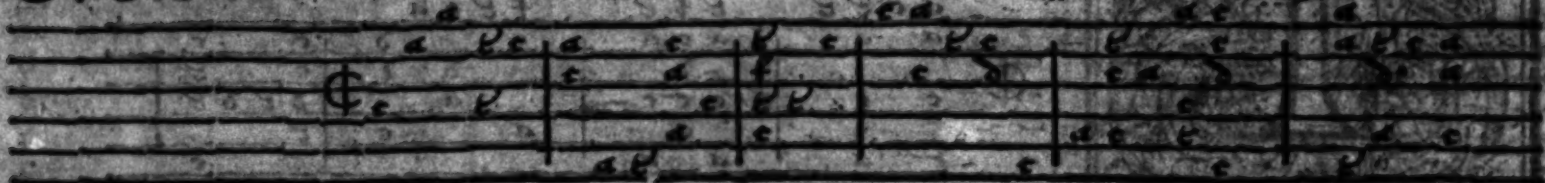


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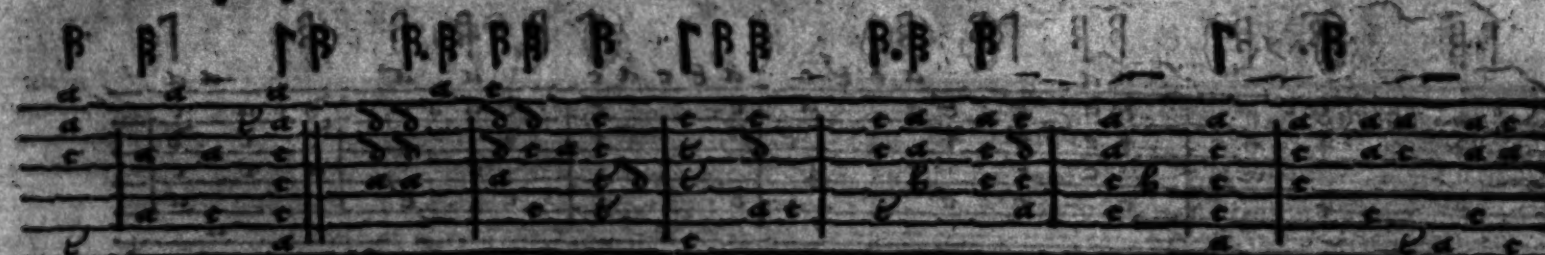


But he that loves to be lov'd,  
And in his deedes doth adore heavens power,  
And is with pittie mov'd;  
The night gives rest to his heart,  
The cheerefull beames do awake his soule,  
Requied in currie part,  
He lives a comfort to his friendes,  
And heaven to him such blessing sendes,  
That feare of hell cannot dismaie,

His cast sweet wines wil abhorre, no mulicks founde can appease the thoughts that wile



a guillie minde, ked deeds deplore, The passion of a present feare, stil makes his restless motion there, & all the day hee



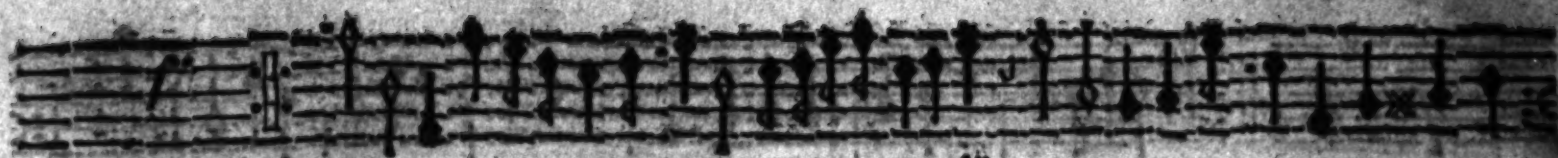
dreadsthe night, and all the night as one agast hee feares the morning light



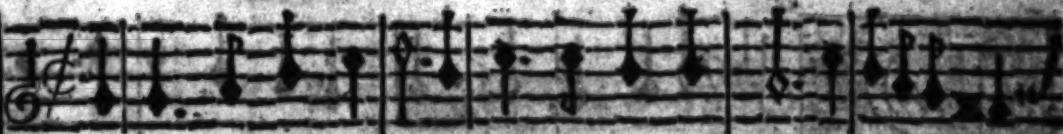
But he that loves to be lov'd,  
And in his deedes doth adore heavens power,  
And is with pittie mov'd;  
The night gives rest to his heart,  
The cheerefull beames do awake his soule,  
Requied in currie part,  
He lives a comfort to his friendes,  
And heaven to him such blessing sendes,  
That feare of hell cannot dismaie,

Since hart often vow'd  
And I have found  
That heere is no fall  
Yett hee no fault  
I was in my youth  
And obtain'd the best

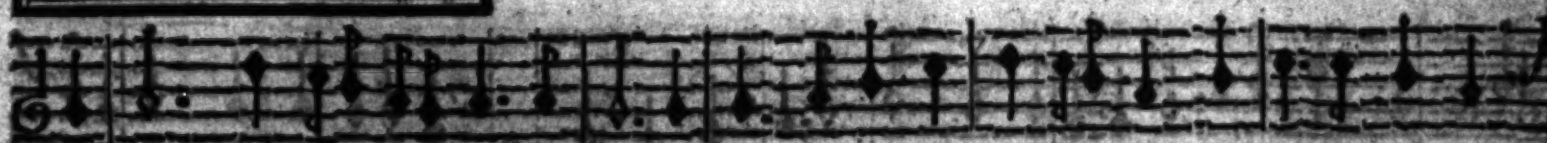
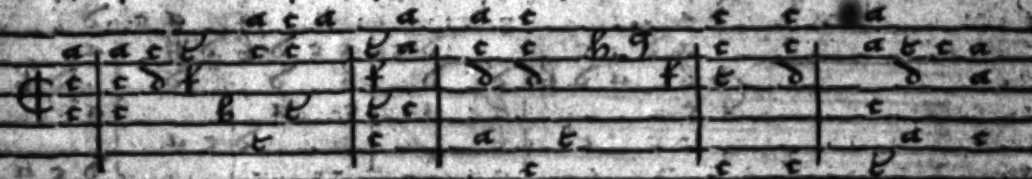




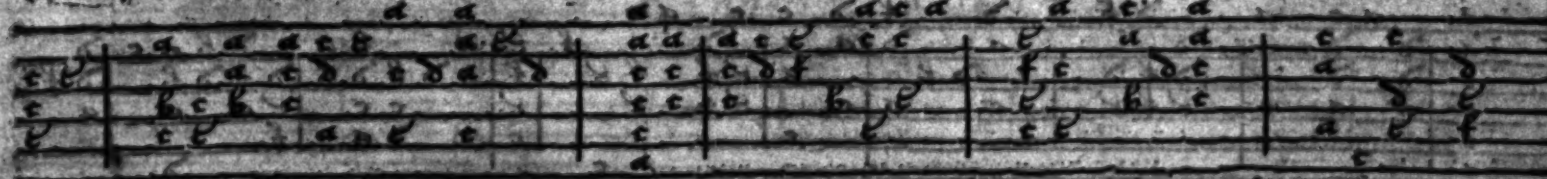
IV VI.



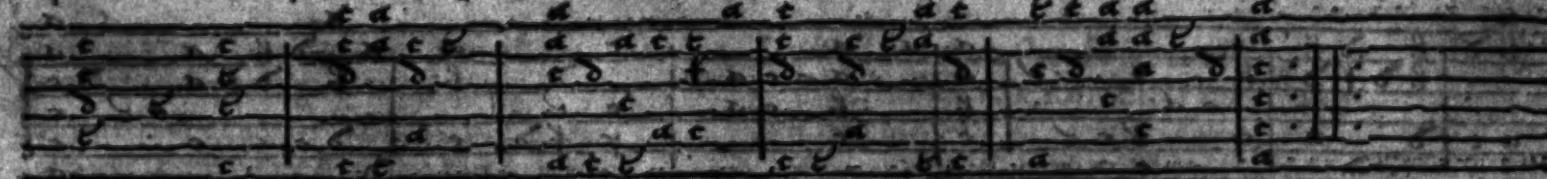
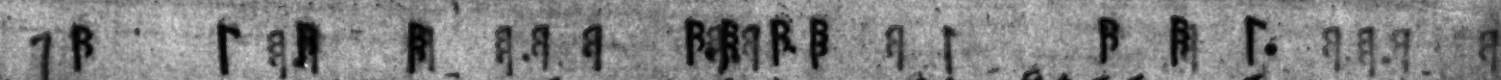
Et him that will be free & keep his hart from care, retir'd a- lone



no-remain where he doth comforts are, for when the cle doth view his griefe, or haplesse care his



sorrow heares. This impression still in him abides, and euer in one shape appeares.

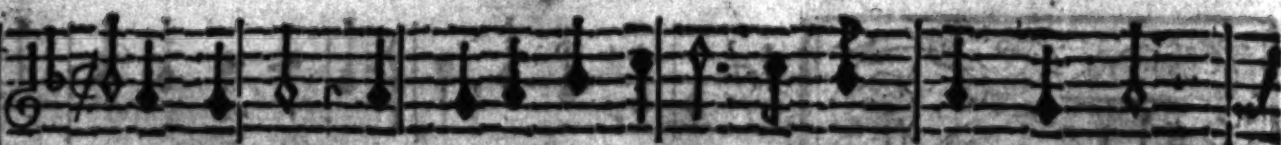


Forget thy griefes betimes, long sorrow breedes long paine,  
For ioye that fled from men will not returne againe,  
O happie is the soule which heauen ordained, to liue in endles peace,  
His life is a pleasing dream, and euerie houre his ioyes encrease,  
You heauie sprites that loue in seuer'd shades to dwell,  
That nurse despair, and dreame of vnielenting hell,  
Come sing this happie song, and leame of me the Arte of true content,  
Loade not your guiltie soules with wrong, and heauen then will soone relent.

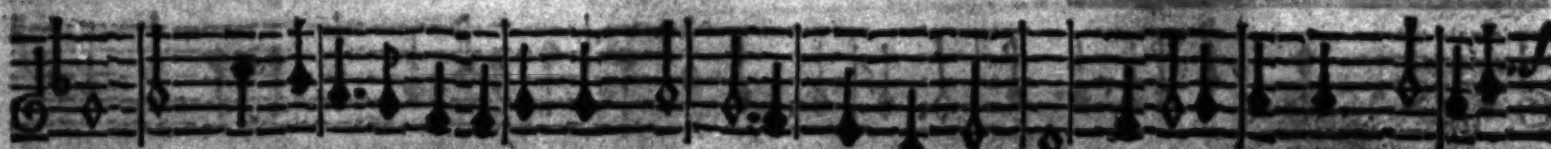
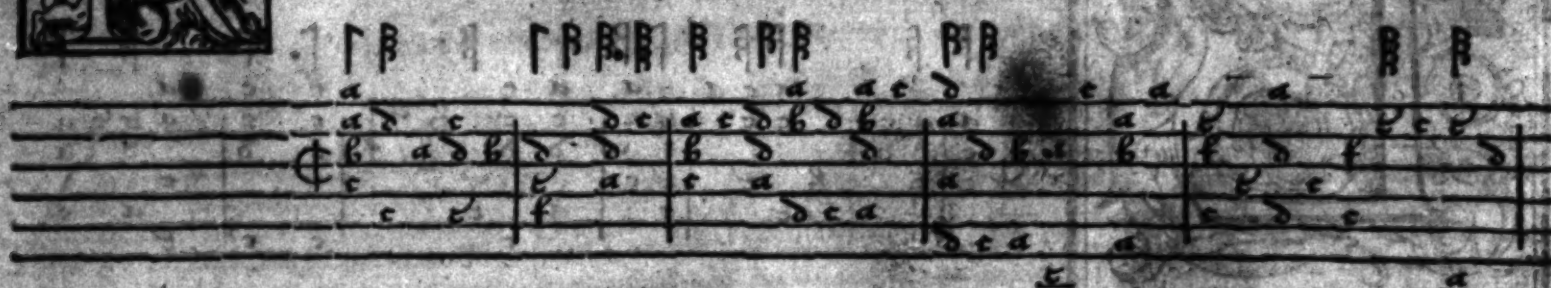




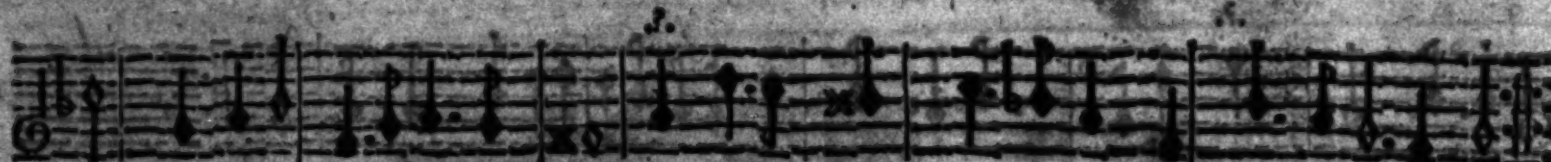
IV VII.



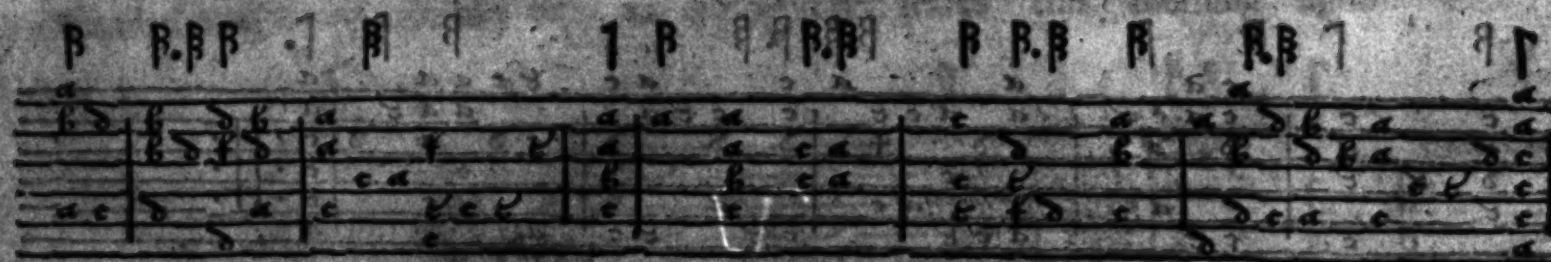
Eproue not loue though fondly thou hast lost grea- ter hopes by lo-



uing, loue calms ambitious spirits fro their breasts danger bfe re- mo- uing, Let lofey humors moue vp on

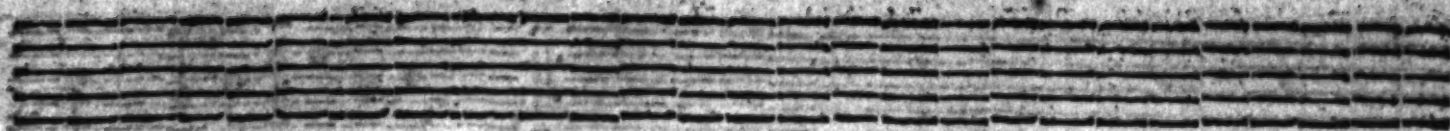


high, down againe like to the wind, while priuar thoughts vow'd to loue, more peace & pleasure find.

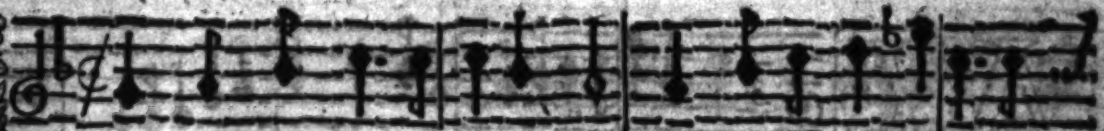


Forget thy grieues beimes, long sorrow breeds long paine,  
 Loue and sweete beantie makes the stubborne milde,  
 And the coward fearelesse,  
 The wretched misers care to bountie turnes,  
 Cheering all thinges cheerelesse;  
 Loue chaines the earth and heauen,  
 Turnes the Sphaeres, guides the yeares in endles peace,  
 The florrie earth through his power,  
 Receiu's her due increase.

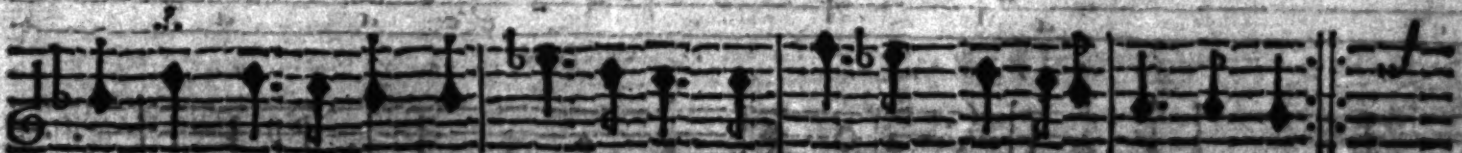
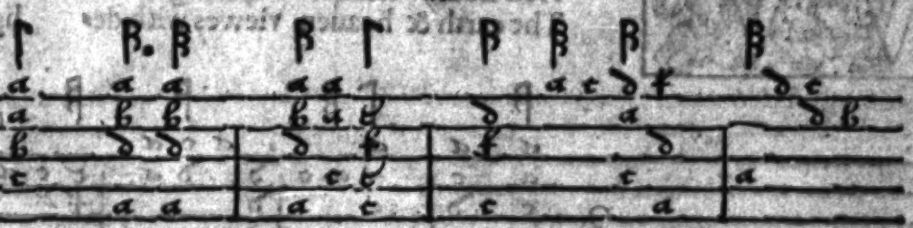




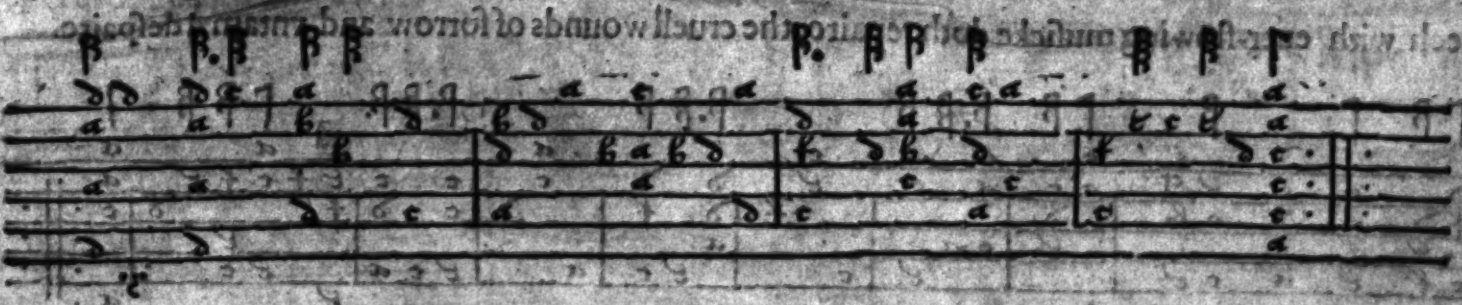
VIII.



Nd would you faine the reason know, why my sad eyes so of- ten



flow? my heart espye - let they Jove, and lones the moone by whom they go,



And will you aske why pale I looke?  
tis not with poring on my booke,  
My Mistris cheeke my blond hath tooke,  
for her mine owne hath me forlooke

Do not demaund why I am mute,  
loues silence doth all speech confute,  
They set the noat then tune the Lute,  
harts frame their thoughts then tooongs their suit,

Do not admire why I admire,  
my feuer is no others fire,  
Each feuerall heart hath his desire,  
els prooffe is false and truth a lier.

If why I loue you should see cause,  
loue should haue forme like other lawes,  
But fancie pleads not by the clawes,  
tis as the sea full vext with flawes.

No fault vpon my loue espie,  
for you perceiue not with my eie,  
My pallare to your tast may lie,  
yet please it selfe deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine owne,  
sufficeth it these reasons showne,  
Reason and loue are euer knowne,  
to fight till both be overthrowne.

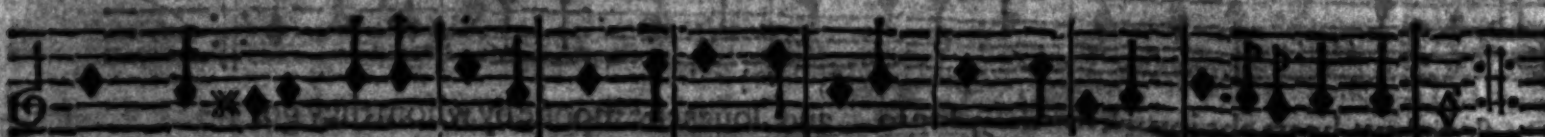
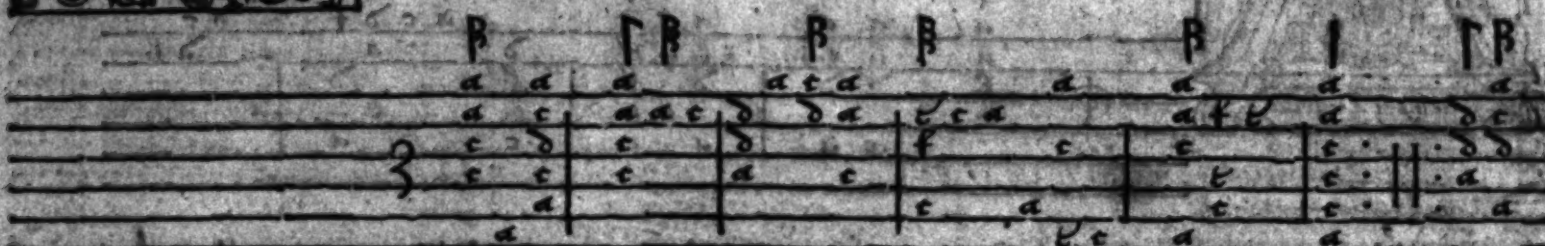




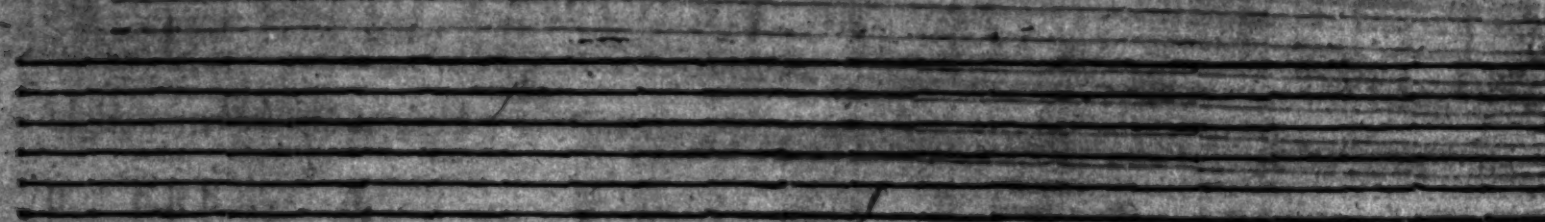
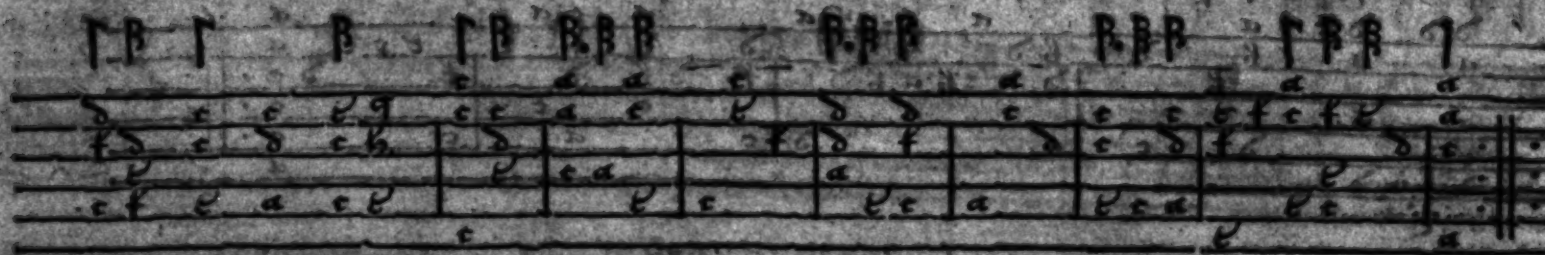
IX.



Hen Laura smiles her sight re- ulues both night and day, And her  
The earth & heauen views with des light her wans ton plays



speech with euer-flowing musicke doth repaire, the cruell wounds of sorrow and vntam'd despaire.

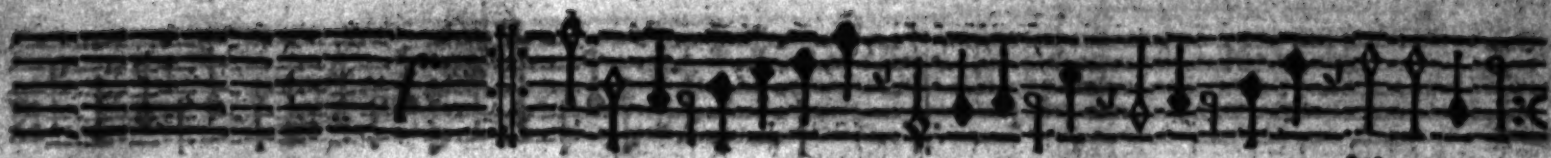


The sprites that remaine in fleeting aire,  
Affect for pastime to vntwine her tressed haire,  
And the birds thinke sweete Aurora mornings Queene doth shine,  
From her bright sphere when Laura shewes her lookes deuiine.

Dianas eyes are not adom'd with greater power,  
Then Lauras when she lifts awhile for sport to loue,  
But when she her eyes encloueth, blindness doth appeare,  
The chiefest grace of beautes sweete liue sealed there.

Loue hath no fire but what he steals from her bright eyes,  
Time hath no power, but that which in her pleasure lyes,  
For she with her deuiue beauties all the world subdues,  
And fills with beautifull spirits my humble muse.

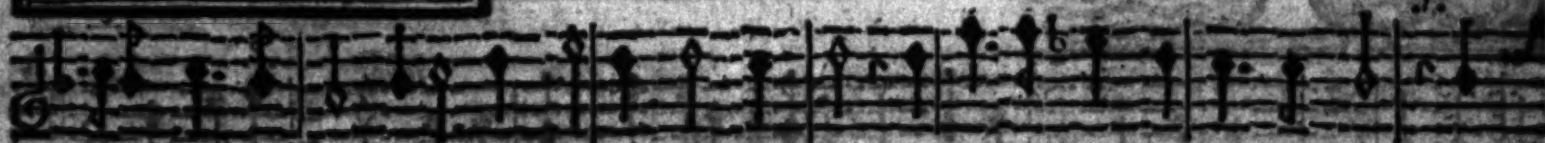
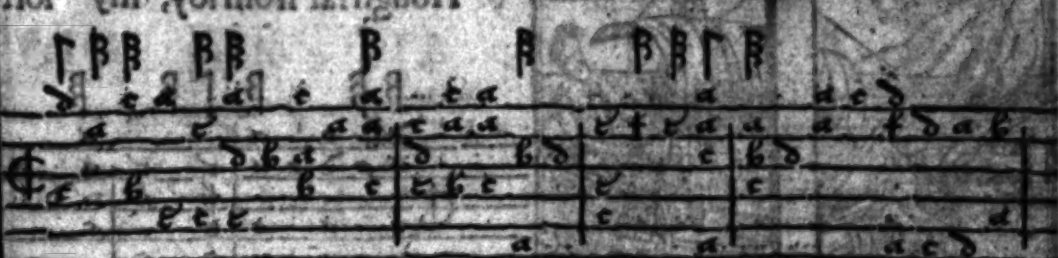




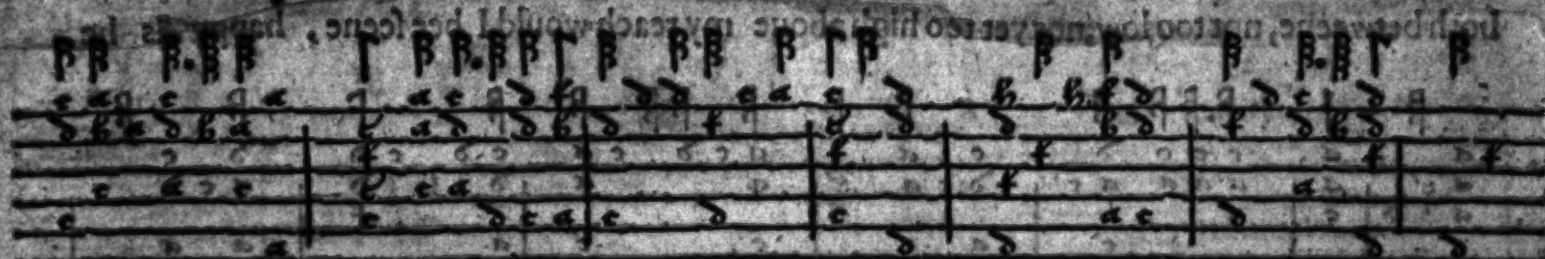
.IX X.



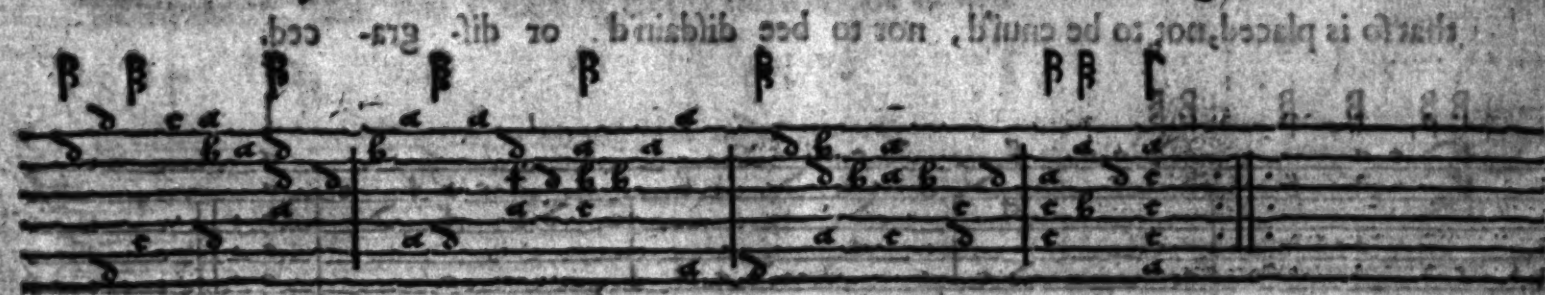
Ong haue mine eies gard with delight conueying hopes



vn- to my soule, is nothing happy but in sight, of her that doth my sight controule, but



now mine eies, in but now mine eies must loose their light,



My obiect now must be the aire,  
To write in water words of fire,  
And teach sad thoughts how to despaire,  
Desert must quarrell with desire,  
All were appeald were she not faire.

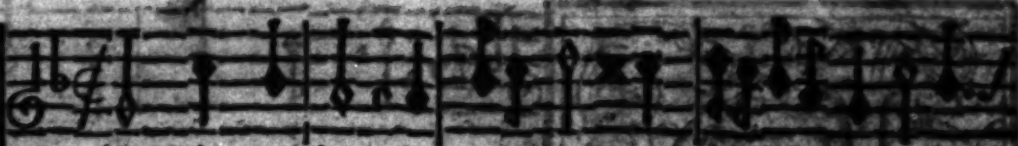
For all my comfort this I proue,  
That Venus on the Sea was borne,  
If Seas be calme then doth she loue,  
If stormes arise I am forlome,  
My doubtfull hopes like wind doe moue.

through the narrow straits, and fill in the midst his course





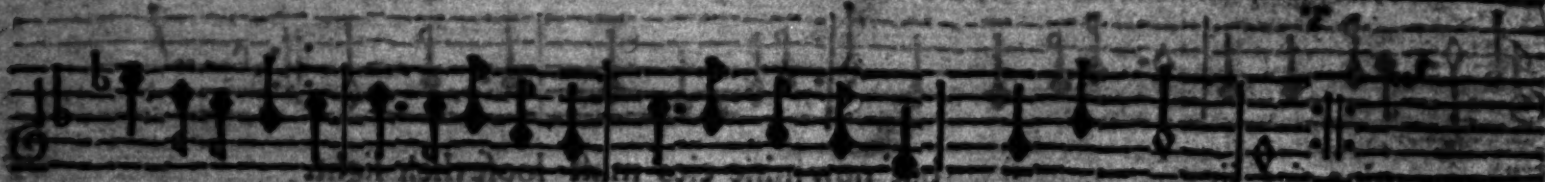
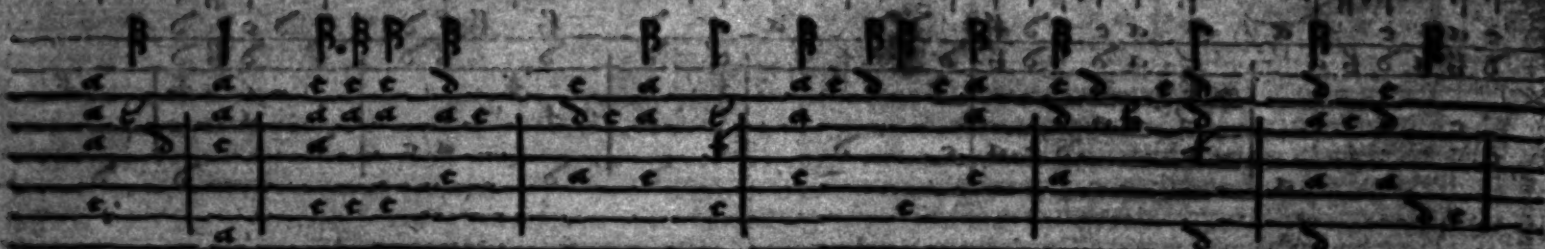
# XI.



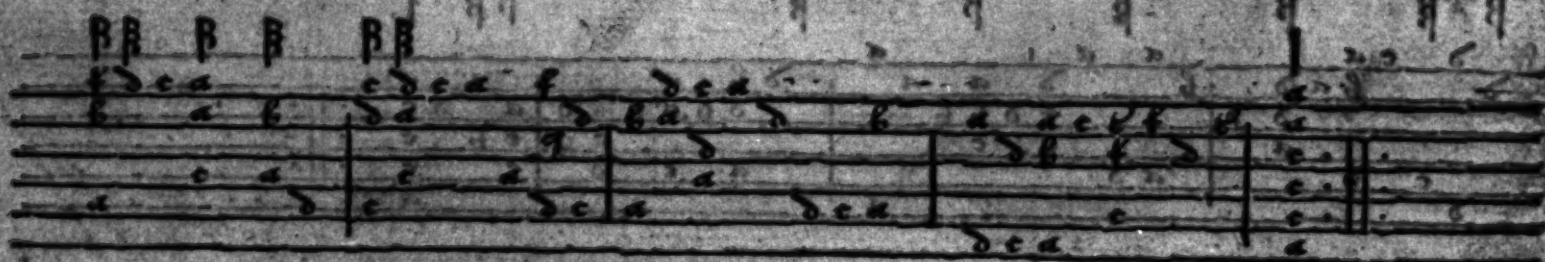
Though far from joy, my sorrows are as far and



both betwene, nor too low, nor yet too high above my reach would I bee seene, happy as he



that so is placed, not to be enu'd, nor to bee disdain'd or dif- gra- ced.

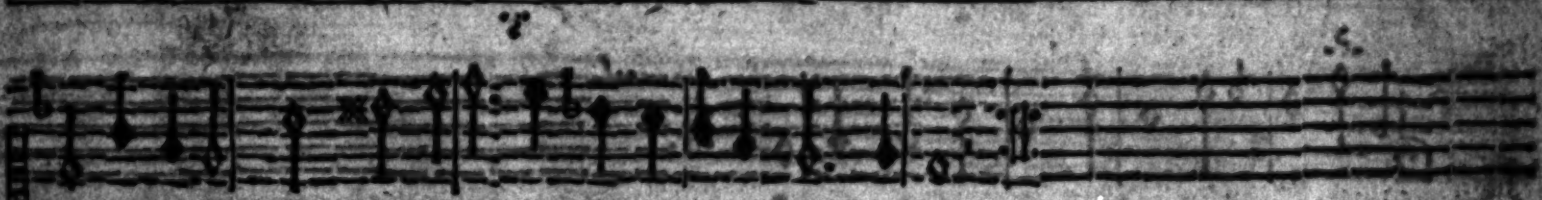
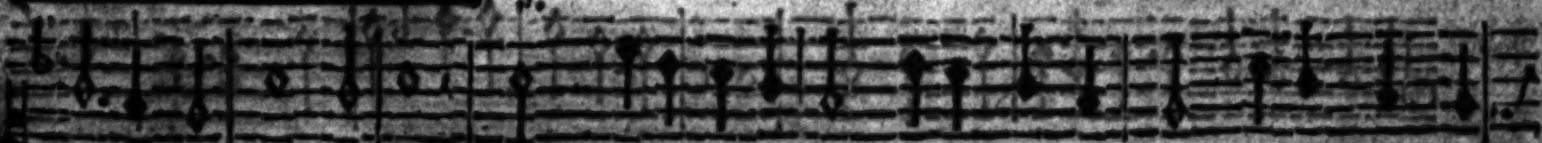


The higher trees, the more stormes they endure,  
Shrubs be troden downe,  
But the meane, the golden meane,  
Doth onely all our fortunes crowne,  
Like to a streame that sweetely slideth,  
Through the flourie banks, and still in the midst his course guideth.





III X XII.

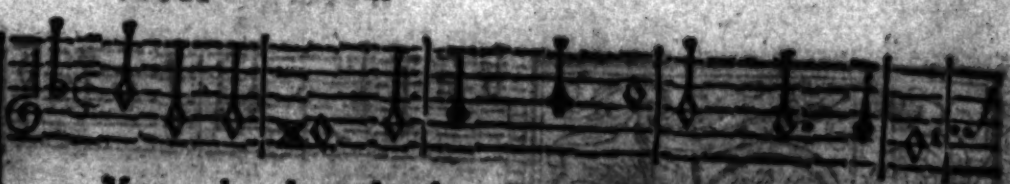


You are faire, so was Hero that in Sestos dwelt,  
 She a priest, yet the heate of loue truly felt,  
 A greater stream then this did her loue deuide,  
 But she was his guide with a light,  
 So through the streames Leander did enioy her sight.

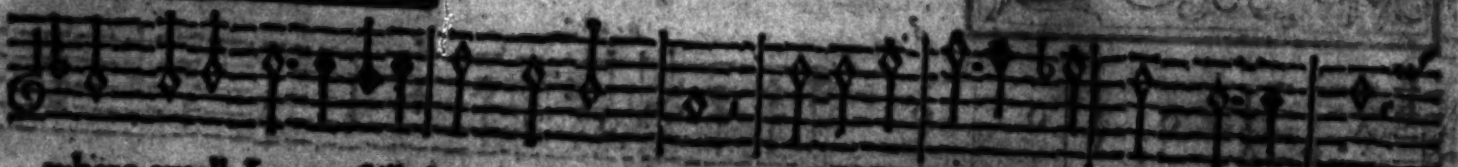




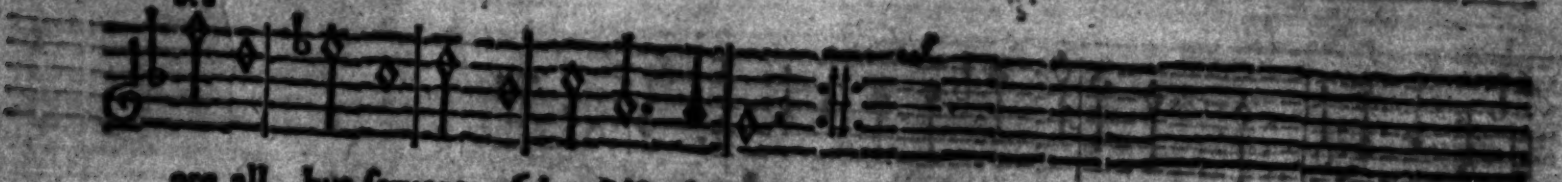
.IX XIII.



Ye me that loue that loue should natures workes accuse,



where cruell Laura still her beantie viewes. River or cloudie lake, or christall bright

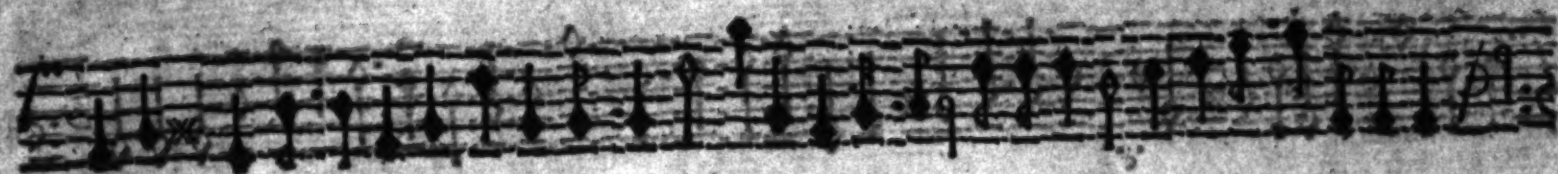
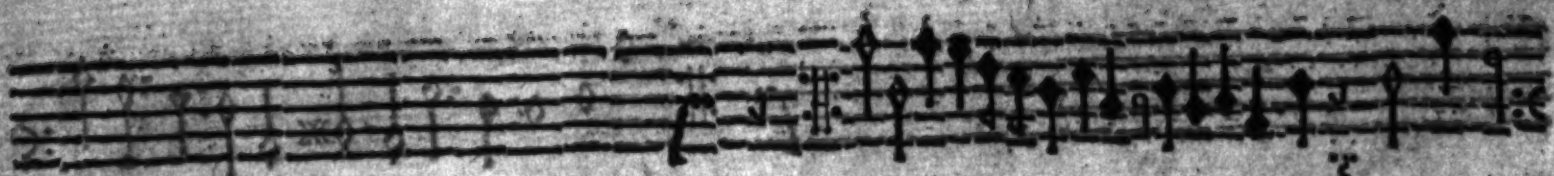


are all but seruants of her selfe delight.



Yet her deformed thoughts she cannot see,  
And thats the cause she is so sterne to mee,  
Vertue and duetie can no fauour gaine,  
A grieve, O death, to live and lone in vaine.

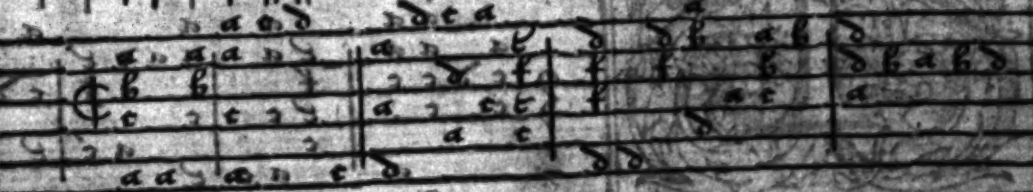
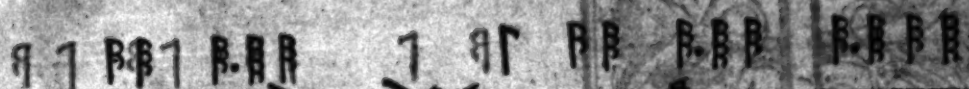




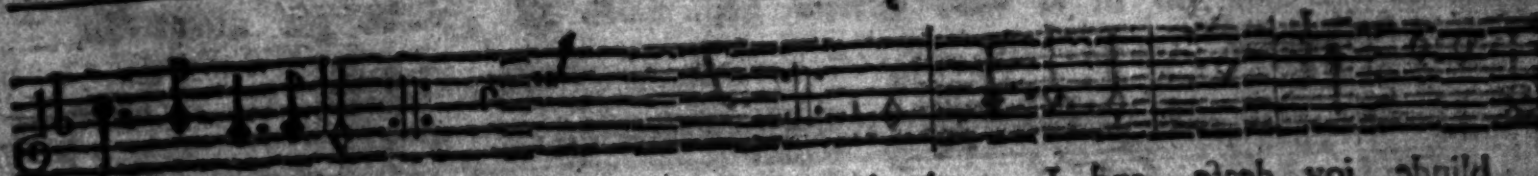
.VXIII.



I Hall then a traitorous kis of a smile, all my delights vnhappily be-

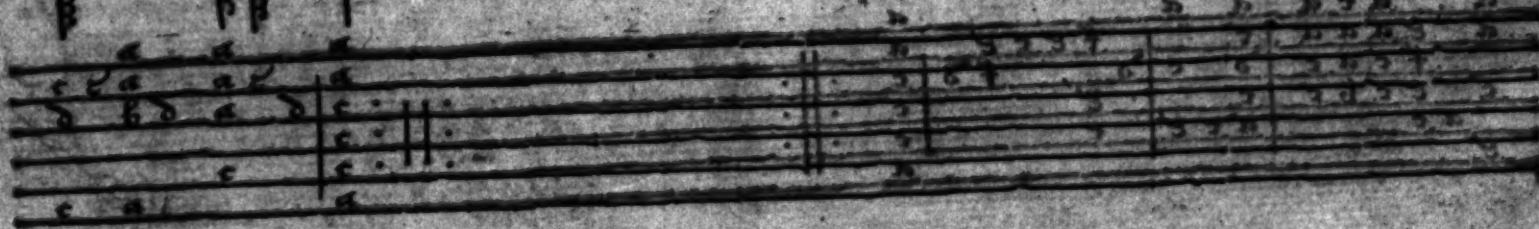
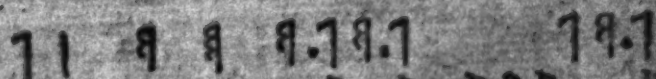


guile shall the yong man's heart, and true seruice dies negle-cted and



wants his due reward?

admaub ms I hns ehsob voi chnild

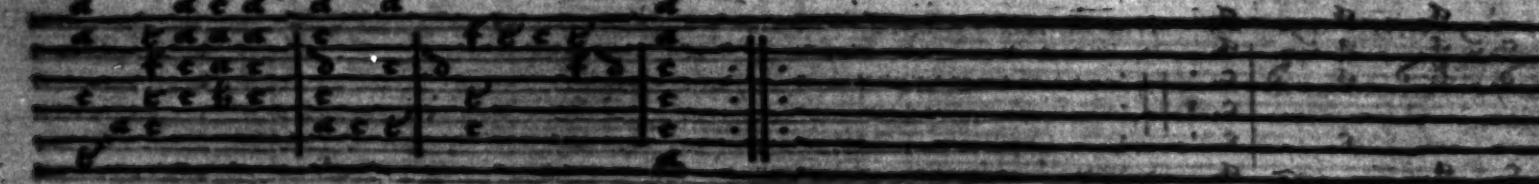
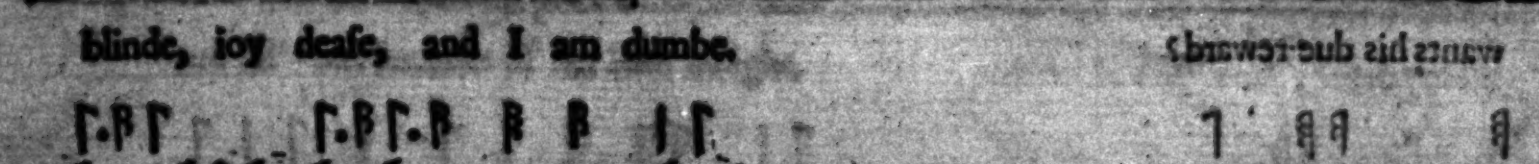
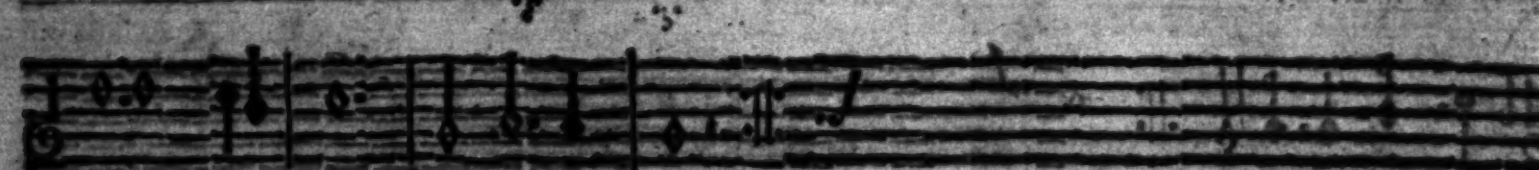
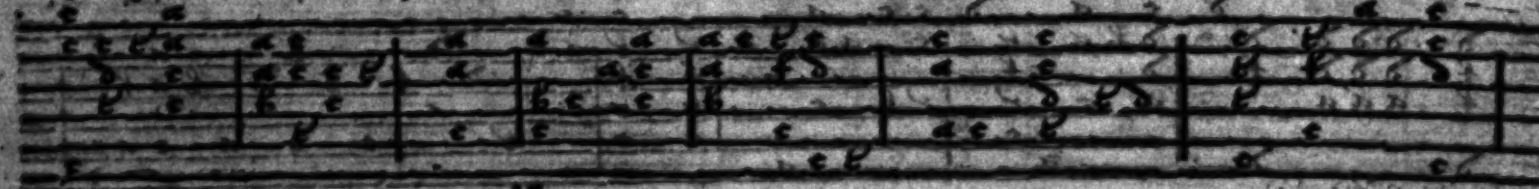
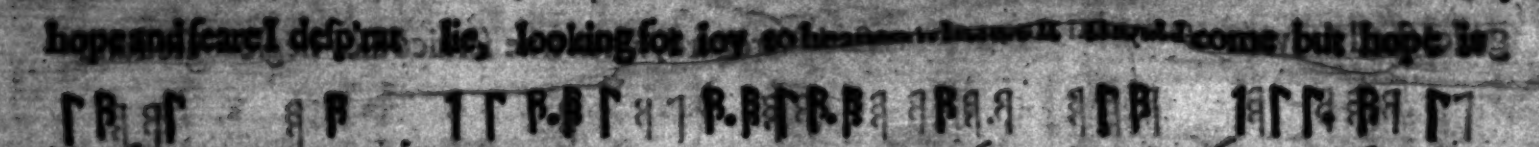
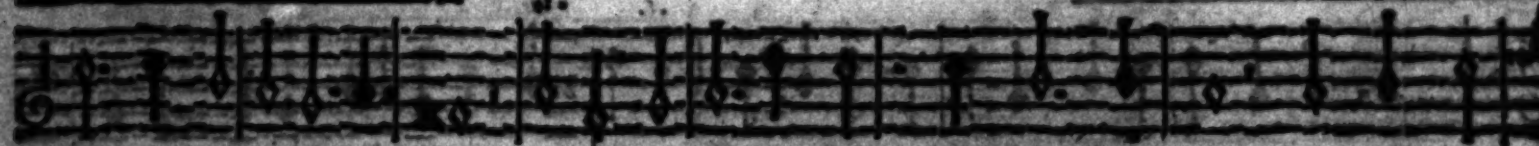


Deedes meritorious soone be forgot;  
But one offence time can neuer blot;  
Every day it reuells, and every night it bleeds;  
And with bloody flames of sorrow diuorces all our better deedes.  
Beautie is not by desert to be wooed;  
Fortune hath all that is beneath the Sunne;  
Fortune is the guide of loue, and both of them be blind,  
All their waies are full of errors, which no true secte can find.





III XV.



Deces meritorious loone be for  
 Yet I speake and crye, but alas with words of no  
 But one of those that with words of no  
 And ioy comes not that mutt me for  
 Every day, of some that mutt me for  
 And with bloody ioy, I speake and crye  
 He that the cure of ioy will seeke  
 Must sing praises, or speake in happier verse  
 Beate is not by desire to be won  
 Fortune hath all that is desired  
 Fortune is the guide of love, and both of them be blind  
 All their wyes are full of error, which no true love can find

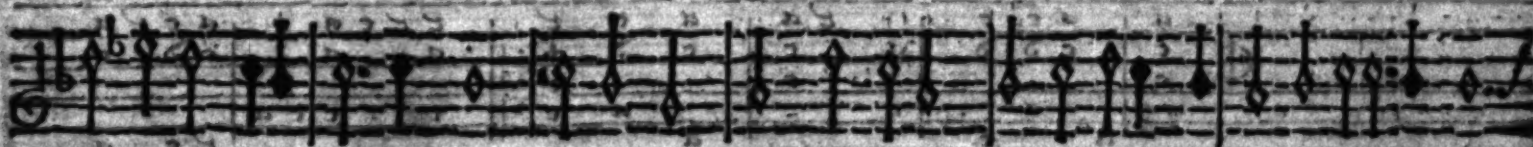
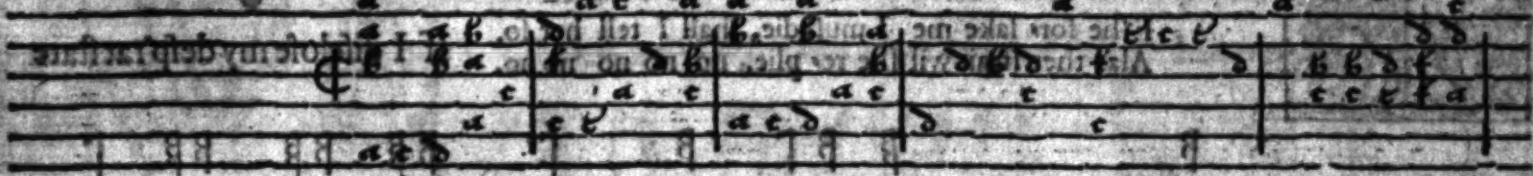
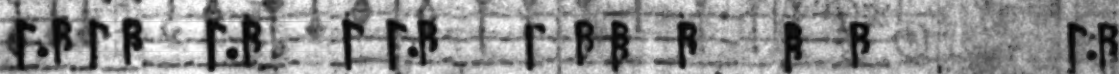




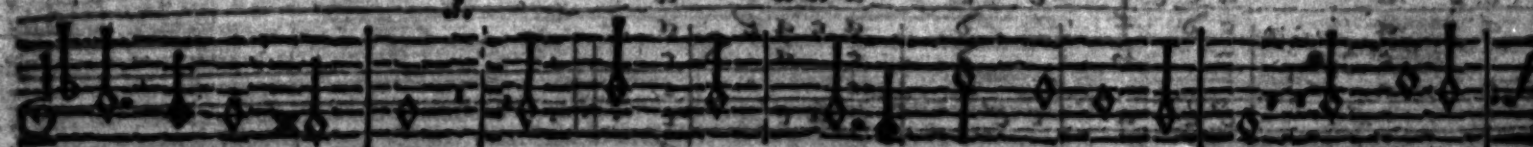
XVI.



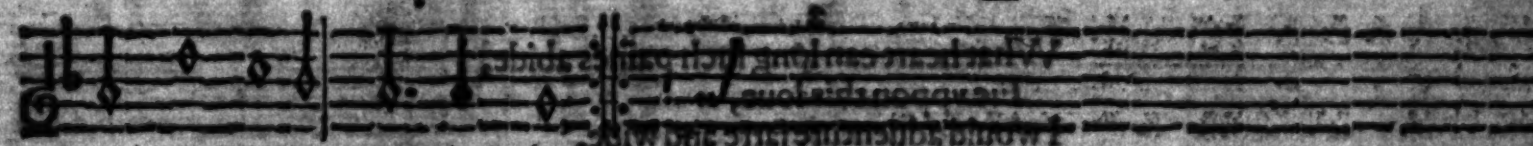
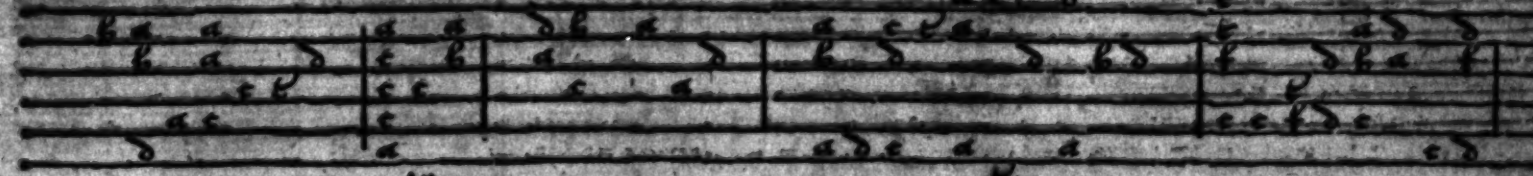
Nleffe there were con- sent twixt hell and heaven that grace and



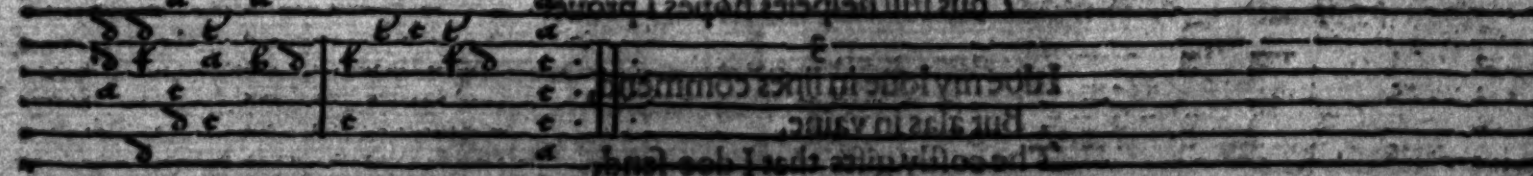
wickednes should be combind; I cannot make thee & thy beauties euen, thy face is heauen, and



tor- ture in thy minde, for more then worldly blisse is in thy eie, and hellish



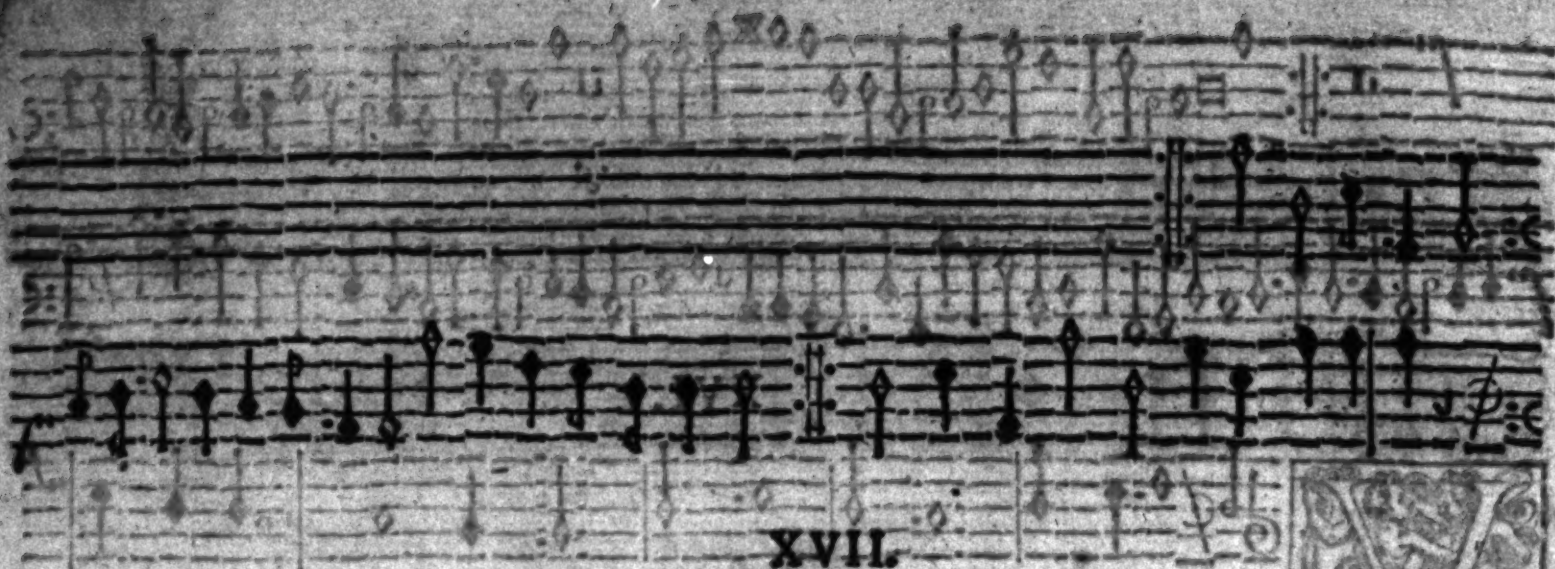
tor- ture in thy minde doth lie.



A thousand Cherubins flie in her lookes,  
And hearts in legions melt vpon their view;  
But gorgeous couers wall vp filthie bookes,  
Be it sinne to saie that so your eyes do you,  
But sure your mind adheres not with your eies;  
For what they promise that your heart denies.

But O least I religion should misuse,  
Inspire me thou that ought's thy selfe to know,  
Since skilless readers reading do abuse,  
What inward meaning outward sence doth show,  
For by thy eies and heart chose and contem'd,  
I wauer whether saued or condemn'd.





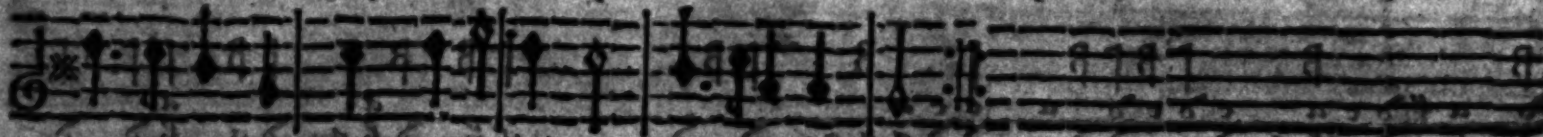
XVII



If the fore sake me I must die, shall I tell her so,  
Alas then strait wil she re- plie, no no no no no. If I disclose my desprate state



wickednes should be combind, I cannot make thee & thy beauties enen thy face is heaven and



the will but make sport thereat and more in- flaming grow.



for- tunc in thy minde, for more then worldly blisse is in thy eye and helth



What heart can long such paines abide,

For vpon this loue,

I would adventure fame and wide,

If it would remoue,

But loue will still my steppes pursue,

I cannot his wayes eschew,

Thus still helpeles hopes I proue

I doe my loue in lines commend,

But alas in vaine,

The costly gifts that I doe send,

He returns againe.

Thus still is my despaire proceed,

And her malice more exceed,

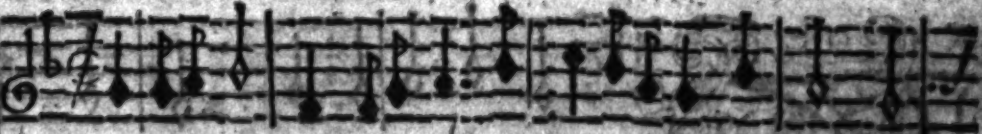
Then come death and end my paine

A thousand Cherubins sit in her lookes  
And hearts in legions melt vpon their eyes  
But gorgeous colours wall vp their eyes  
Be it true to say that to your eyes do you  
But true your mind adheres not with your eyes  
For by the eyes and heart chole and content  
I wauer wicker stand or condemn

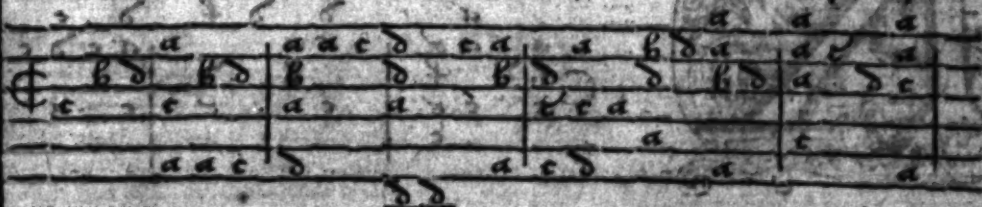




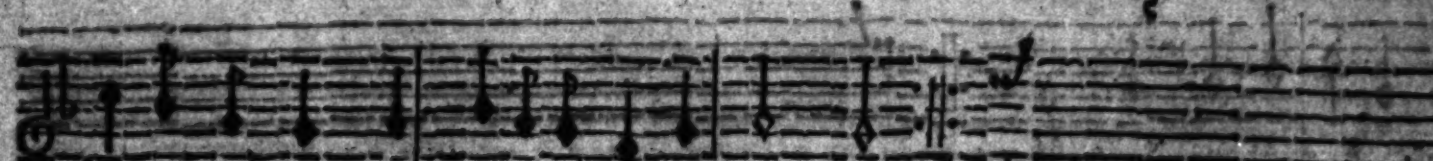
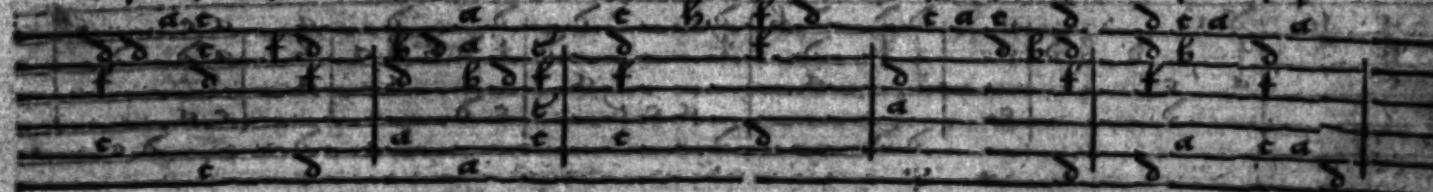
.XXVIII.



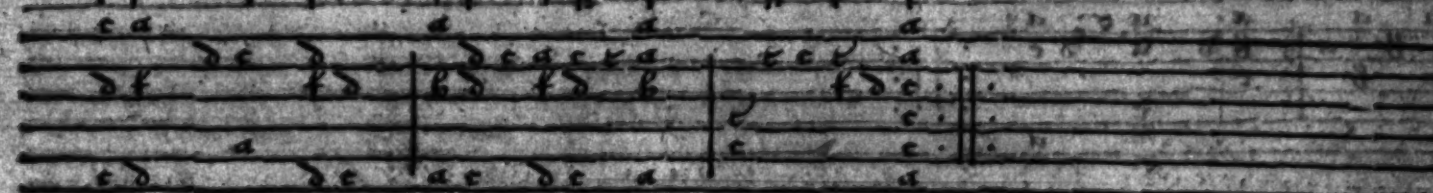
¶ **What is a day, what is a year of vaine delight and pleasure?**



like to a dream it ends it dies, and from vs like a vapour flies, and this is all the



fruit that we finde, which glorie in worldly treasure.

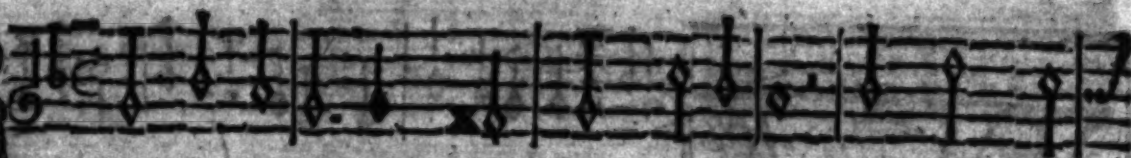


In her right hand my hopes and comfort rest,  
 O might my sorrows with that hand be blest,  
 No envious breaths then my desires could blast,  
 For they are good, who such a love do cast.  
 I love one that onely lives in loving you,  
 Whose wrong'd delights would you with pity view,  
 He that will hope for true delight,  
 With vertue must be graced,  
 Sweete follie yeelds a bitter tast,  
 Which euer will appeare at last,  
 But if we still in vertue delight,  
 Our soules are in heauen placed.

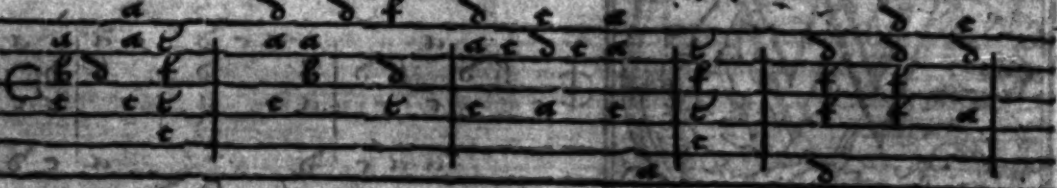




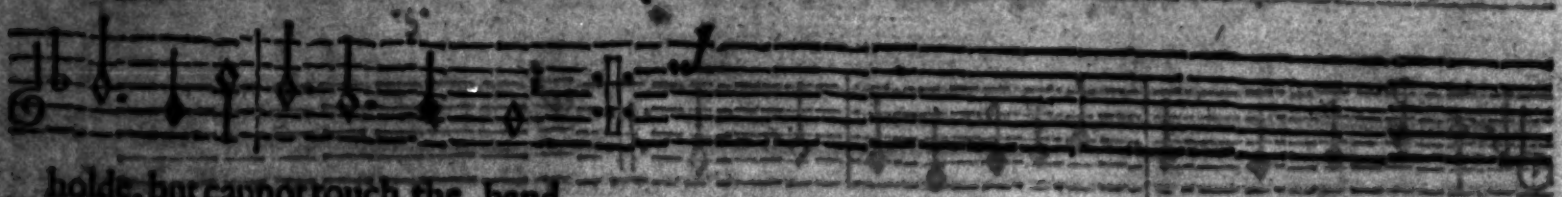
III XIX.



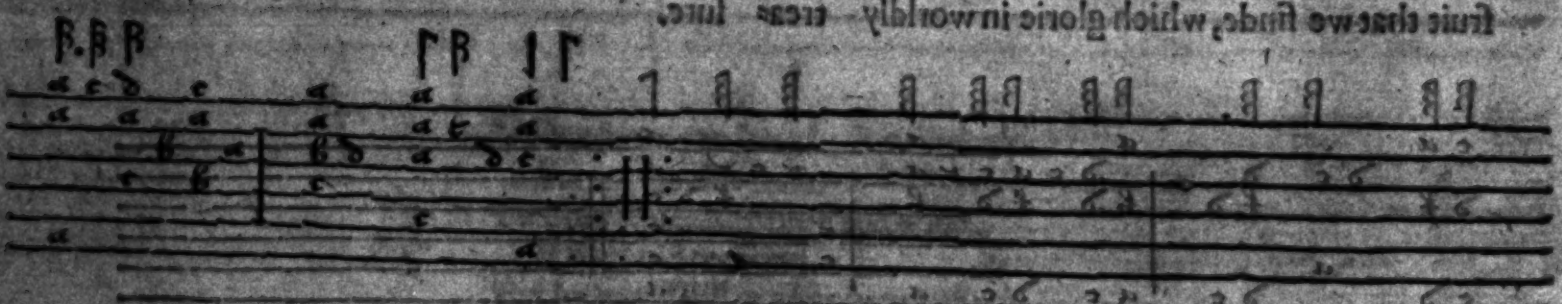
Inde in ynkindnesse when will you relent, and cease with



faint loue true loue to tor- ment still entertained, and now I stand her gloue stil



holde, but cannot touch the hand.



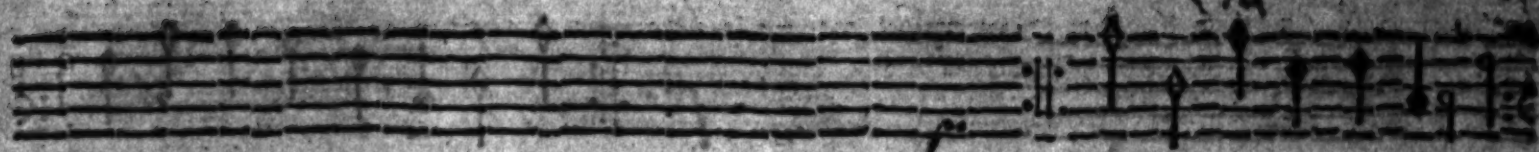
In her faire hand my hopes and comforts rest,  
O might my fortunes with that hand be blest,  
No enuious breaths then my deserts could shake,  
For they are good, who such true loue doth make.

O let not beautie so forget her birth,  
That it should fruides home returne to earth,  
Loue is the fruite of beautie, then loue one,  
Not your sweete selfe, for such selfe loue is none,

Loue one that onely liues in louing you,  
Whose wrong'd deserts would you with pity view,  
This strange distast, which your affections swaies,  
Would relish loue, and you find better daies.

Thus till my happie sight your beautie viewes,  
Whose sweet remembrance stil my hope renewes,  
Let these poore lines sollicite loue for mee,  
And place my ioyes where my desires would bee,

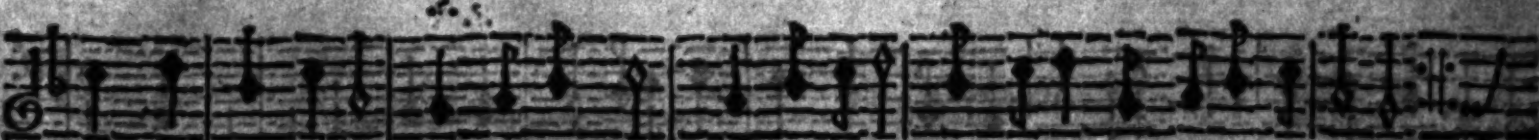




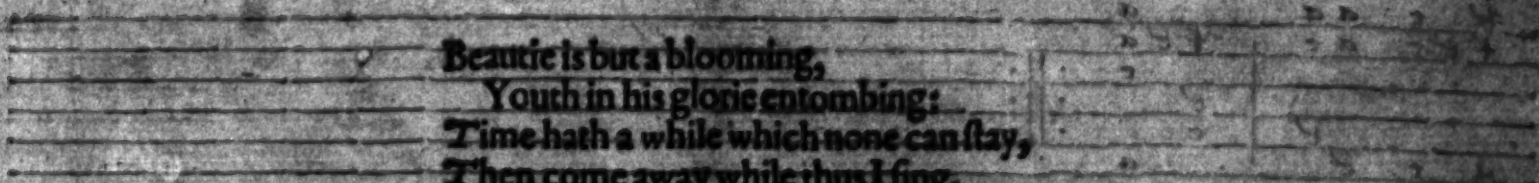
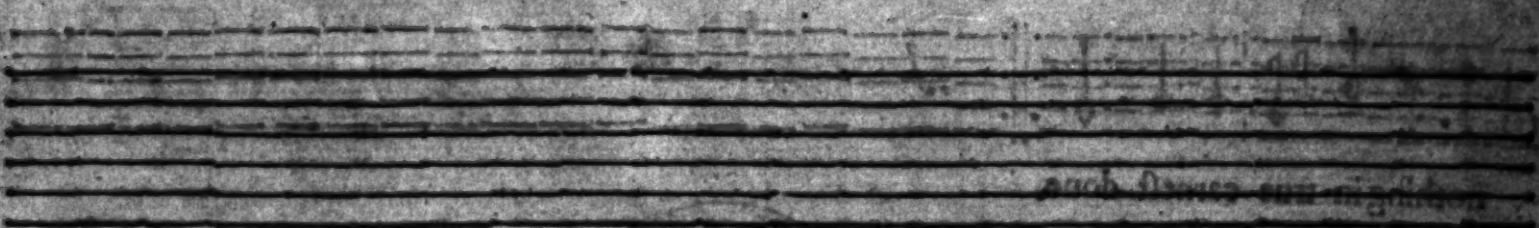
XX.



Woe! Hat then is lone but mourning, what desire but a selfe-bur-ning, till shee that



Hates doth I mourning, thus will I mourne, thus will I sing, come away, come away my darling.



Beautie is but a blooming,  
Youth in his glorie entombing:  
Time hath a while which none can stay,  
Then come away while thus I sing,  
Come away, come away my darling.

Sommer in winter fadeth,  
Gloomie night beav'nly light shadeth,  
Like to the mome are Venus flowers,  
Such are her howers, then will I sing,  
Come away, come away my darling.

FINIS.

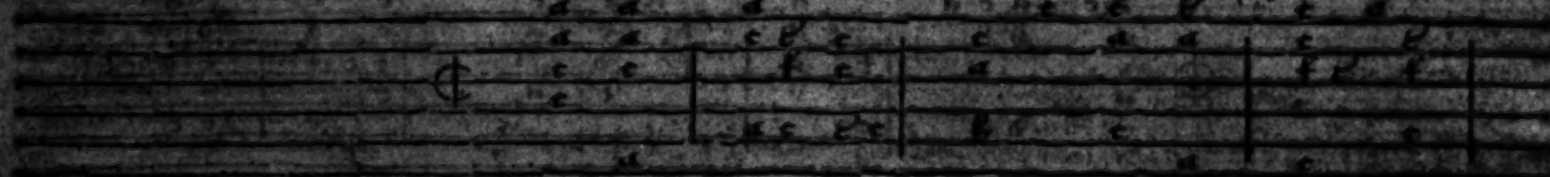




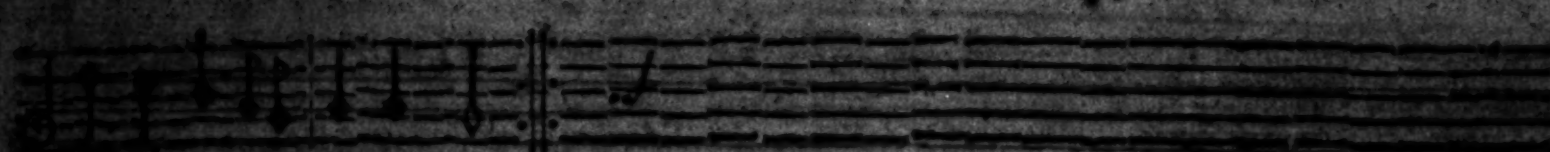
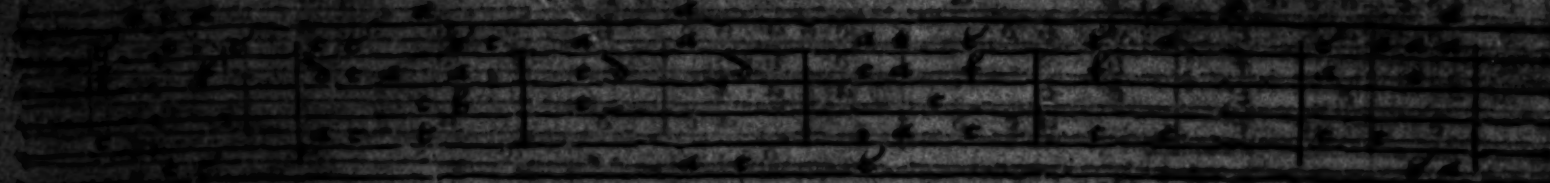
XXI.



Whether men doe laugh or weepe, whether they doe wake or sleepe,



Whether they be young or olde, whether they feel heate or colde, there is



nothing in this canest done,



Comeway, comeway, my darling,

All our pride is but a iest,  
None are worst, and none are best,  
Griefe, and ioy, and hope, and feare,  
Play their Pageants every where,  
Vaine opinion all doth way,  
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in cloudes doe sit,  
Mocking our poore apish wit,  
That so largely with such state,  
Their high glorie imitate,  
No ill can be felt but paine,  
And that happie men disdain.

FINIS.



